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THE TORY DEBACLE

THE 10,000 votes cast for a "freak" candidate against Mr. Churchill at Woodford measure the failure of the Tory attempt to turn the election into a personal plebiscite in favour of the Prime Minister. The wholesale defeat of Tory Ministers and the sweeping Labour majorities even in Conservative strongholds suggest that Tory headquarters completely miscalculated when they assumed that the voter would prefer poppycock to programmes. The truth, as we said throughout the election, is that the British people took the election seriously, were simply irritated by the Laski and other bogies, and plumped for a Party which dealt in a sober and practical way with the issues which touch closely their everyday life.

The Liberal Party, which put up 300 candidates, but in no circumstances could have won office, has shared in the Tory débâcle. Electors wanted to use their votes effectively, and the conception of a balancing Centre Party clearly made no appeal. As we write, the results are incomplete and the size of the Labour majority in the House still to be determined. But the general picture is clear. Not merely has Labour more than regained all it lost in 1931 in London—witness its astonishing victory over that symbolic die-hard, Sir Herbert Williams, in South Croydon; it has swept the industrial areas, and in the rural constituencies whose results have so far come to hand there are striking indications that the agricultural voter and the small market-town trader have abandoned their feudal inheritance and "gone Left." The country, in short, has voted for Socialism. A Labour Government with a firm mandate seems a certainty.

The Assault on Japan

Our Far Eastern strategy is apparently to be a replica, on a gigantic scale, of that which brought Germany to defeat—first, the long period of campaigning to recapture lost ground and to secure the peripheral assault points; then the slow wearing down of the enemy's naval and air defences and the "softening up" of his morale by strategic bombing; then the actual invasion against an enemy whose mobility has been destroyed by tactical bombing, and the remorseless conquest of the homeland, until at long last unconditional surrender is enforced on a broken, demoralised people.

This strategy brought victory over Germany at the end of five and a half years of war—and also the ruin of Europe. Despite occasional bursts of optimism, there is no reason to believe that its success would be swifter in the Far East or its post-war effects less disastrous. It is reckoned that some three million men will be required for the final assault on Japan, whether it is made from the Philippines or after the conquest of bases in China. Even then it is at least doubtful whether the Japanese armies in Manchuria might not continue the struggle after the fall of Tokio.

No wonder that voices are raised in America asking whether it is not possible to find a short cut to total victory. Surely it is possible, they argue, to avoid the long years of war and the huge losses of American life by a combination of diplomatic and aerial assault. Mr. Grew seems to believe, for instance, that unconditional surrender can be so defined that the Mikado will capitulate before American troops fight their way into his palace. And America is debating whether the combination of Mr. Grew's propaganda and General Arnold's bombing will not do the trick.

This debate is being held at a stage in the Far Eastern war roughly similar to that reached in Europe when the Moscow Conference took place. But will the Big Three this time look ahead? Will they learn from the bitter experiences of Europe that an agreed policy of unconditional surrender is only an agreement to postpone inescapable decisions until after the fighting is over? That the time to work out an inter-Allied plan for the treatment both of the defeated enemy and of the liberated countries is well before victory and not after the occupation has begun?

Separate war aims are fatal. Influential circles in the U.S.A. are working for an exclusive American victory which would leave the British to deal with Malaya and the Dutch East Indies, and exclude the Russians as far as possible from participation. In these conditions, the proposals for adroitly trimming unconditional surrender to the tastes of the Mikado and Japanese Big Business must be viewed with the gravest suspicion. If the plan were to succeed an American military government would be installed which, within a week, would be as busy suppressing democratic movements in Japan as it now is in forbidding political activities to the anti-Fascists of Dachau. Nothing would be solved if an American or Anglo-American settlement were made which left Japan after this war, as Germany was left after the last war, stripped of her conquests, equipped with a sham democracy, and dominated secretly but effectively by the same social classes as before. In a Weimar Japan—the most likely result of an exclusively American occupation—the militarists and the industrialists would play the same role as they played in Germany, sowing ill-will between Russia and the Western Powers and reaping the benefits in concessions granted to stave off "the Bolshevik menace."

It is no secret that at present the gap between British and American Far Eastern policy is scarcely smaller than that which divides each of them from the U.S.S.R. Each is fighting its own war. Mr. Churchill's eyes are fixed on recovering Britain's pre-war position in South-East Asia, leaving the future of China to be settled by a bargain between Washington, Moscow and Chungking. Before coming to Potsdam, Marshal Stalin held five long conferences with Mr. T. V. Soong. No doubt discussion turned mainly on the post-war relations of the two Chinese governments (now again openly hostile) and the United States and U.S.S.R. The most immediate issues are the equipment of a Chinese army and other Russian aid against Japan. If these are settled, the economic and frontier questions of Sinkiang and Mongolia, which have been largely featured in the press as matters of controversy, may not present great difficulty. Far more important is the status of industrialised Manchuria, whose future neither U.S.A. nor U.S.S.R. is ready to leave exclusively to Chungking.

The case, therefore, for an overall agreement

between Britain, Russia and America on post-war Pacific policy is overwhelming. Had a common policy with regard to Europe been evolved in time, most of the blunders which marked Anglo-American policy in Europe, could have been avoided. Moreover, such an agreement on policy would have resulted in the formulation of a three-Power propaganda line to Germany which might have shortened the war by a year. We failed to achieve such a three-Power policy with regard to Europe because the Russians were too suspicious of our intentions and the Western Allies had no idea what they wanted to do with Europe. That mistake need not be repeated in the case of the Pacific.

Reparations from Germany

Lit only by journalistic flights of fancy, the news black-out on Potsdam makes it impossible to judge whether the deliberations of the Big Three have resulted in decisions or only in a list of "subjects" agreed on for examination by experts while Mr. Churchill studies the British election results. So far as Germany is concerned, the arrival from Moscow of Sir Walter Monckton suggests that some consideration at least must have been given to the question of reparations. To this problem there are two sides. On the one hand, there is Germany's capacity. The greater the degree of de-industrialisation imposed by the Allies, the smaller will be the reparations recoverable, either in cash or kind —excluding, of course, the labour of deportees. On the other hand, even if it be decided that the "transfer" obstacles of the '20s can be avoided by requiring deliveries exclusively in kind, the Allies will still have to make up their minds what quantities and categories of German goods they are prepared either to absorb themselves or to have dumped gratis into countries which are export markets for their own industries. In short, the receipt of reparations without economic friction implies a planned economy in the recipient countries—a condition which presents no difficulties to the U.S.S.R., and may be satisfied in states within the Russian sphere of influence, but which raises the spectre of unemployment in U.S.A. and Britain.

Socialising Berlin

The Berlin Municipal Council announced this week over the Russian-controlled Berlin radio a series of remarkable social reforms. Out-Beveridging Beveridge, it stated that, as from July 1st, an overall social security scheme would come into force covering health, pensions and workmen's compensation. All workers and traders must in future pay 10 per cent. of their wages, salaries or incomes in order to become beneficiaries. Sickness benefit would be payable after four days, and benefits would range from 7 to 35 Marks up to half the basic wage or salary. From August 1st, a new tax will be levied on all landlords for the reconstruction of Berlin. Fifty per cent.—and in some cases 65 per cent.—of all receipts from rents will be surrendered in tax. With what is left over the landlord must pay for income tax, repairs, etc. Only if the whole of the remainder goes in these expenses can he appeal for relief. Small property owners (those whose property does not exceed 10,000 marks in value) are exempt from the new tax, as are municipal authorities, hospitals and other public and religious buildings. When the new tax comes into force on August 1st, there will be a complete stoppage on the repayment of all mortgages. Another interesting sidelight on the Berlin Municipality's policy is the fact that trade unions have been permitted to appeal to their members to form productive co-operatives immediately and so to get their factories going without delay. The Berlin Municipality can, of course, only enforce such drastic legislation because there is no central German government. Under Russian inspiration, it is obviously making Berlin the model for the type of socialisation desired throughout Germany.

The U.S.S.R. and Sea-power

Though Russian interest in naval power is no new thing, Marshal Stalin's Order to the fleet on Red Navy Day, expressing the determination of the U.S.S.R. to have "new fighting ships and new bases," is significant. It suggests that Moscow is deeply concerned both with the future status of Port Arthur and Dairen and with her security in the Eastern Mediterranean. The Turks are said to be willing to agree to a tightening-up of the Montreux Convention, whose existing clauses failed to prevent use of the Straits by small enemy armed craft during World War II; and it is conceivable that, in the last resort, they might concede to Russia some form of Condominium over the Dardanelles. But the "freedom of the Straits" depends on much wider strategic considerations. Naval and (still more) air bases in the Dodecannese, Crete and the Greek mainland are the real keys to the Eastern Mediterranean; and a Turkish-Greek bloc, within the ambit of British "influence," would be regarded by Moscow as a threat of hostile encirclement. In this issue, as in so much else, the future turns on the ability of President Truman and Mr. Churchill to convince the Russians that the era of suspicion and intrigue is past and that Russia may look for security in definitive agreements and daily cooperation with the Western Democracies.

The Pétain Trial

Unlike Lady Macbeth, Marshal Pétain should have died, not "hereafter," but months ago. Had he received short shrift from a Resistance court-martial there would at least have been no hypocrisy in his condemnation; and France would have been spared the unedifying effort to invest an act of political retribution with the trappings of civil law. Set aside the question whether a judicature which had sworn (under duress, it is argued) an oath of loyalty to Pétain as Head of the State was competent to try him: what, in fact, on the showing of M. Reynaud's evidence, was his crime? That he had large responsibility, from 1934 onwards, for the military weakness of France? If so, he did not sin alone. That he was a defeatist in 1940? There were others. That he saw in alliance with Nazism the way to save the France of the privileged classes for which he stood? There lies the real gravamen of the charge; but his decision, which led him from the "betrayal" of the Third Republic, through Montoire, to more and more outright collaboration with the Occupying Power, was not a "crime" amenable to the processes of ordinary municipal law. It was a political act, the appropriate subject for revolutionary justice. Pétain was not a "war criminal" in the sense of being personally responsible for atrocities. His offence was that, instinctively choosing the propertied side in the class war, he drifted into collusion with the enemies of his country in the national war. Against that charge he and the Vichy regime of which he was the head have no defence.

Sofianopoulos Resigns

The persecution of the Greek Left and the preparations for a rigged plebiscite continue. With the resignation of the Foreign Minister, M. Sofianopoulos, the Voulgaris Government is now left as a totally unrepresentative collection of caretakers. As long ago as April, M. Sofianopoulos had declared that he would resign unless the Government carried out the Varzika agreement concluded with the Left after the fighting ended. Its violations of that agreement have been so flagrant that, on his return from San Francisco, the Greek Foreign Minister has broken with the Cabinet and called for the formation of a new Government representing all the political parties—including E.A.M. Such a Government might ensure reasonably honest elections. At present, E.L.A.S. partisans are still being sentenced to death in Athens, while the chief Greek official of the Gestapo is given fifteen years' imprisonment. But to secure a change of Government in Athens there must first be a change of policy from Whitehall.

Who Succeeds Franco?

Franco's desperate attempt to produce a more liberal facade for his regime has so far produced a meaningless travesty of a constitution, vague perorations about impending changes, a Cabinet reshuffle which changes nothing in Spain and a declaration in favour of an early restoration of the monarchy. Reports from Spain now suggest that a young grandson of Alfonso is a more likely candidate for the Caudillo's charity than Don Juan —presumably to permit Franco's assumption of the role of Regent. These fresh signs of instability and apprehension among Spanish Fascists should encourage the Republican exiles speedily to reach agreement. Dr. Negrin, having at last arrived in Mexico City, has stated in an interview that he desires to see co-ordinated effort by the exiles to re-establish constitutional government in Spain. He supports the policy of a political amnesty and early elections. This programme essentially similar to that set out recently by Senor Prieto, who leads the Spanish Committee of National Liberation in Mexico. Up till now there has been serious disagreement between this group and Dr. Negrin. If they manage to reach agreement with him on a minimum programme, the first prerequisite for the overthrow of the Falangist system will be satisfied.

Mr. Bevin's Charter

At the Conference of the Transport and General Workers' Union, held last week at Blackpool, Mr. Bevin, out of office, had the task of presenting the Union's draft Industrial Charter to the delegates, who gave it their full approval. The main points of the Charter can be taken as some indication of the lines which Trade Union programmes in other industries will follow. They include the guaranteed week—the most important gain of labour from the Essential Work Orders; the consolidation of war advances into weekly wages in such a way as both to take account of increased living costs and give the workers an improved standard of life; the limitation of the working week to forty hours, without reductions in wages; a fortnight's holiday with pay; the acceptance of the principle of the "rate for the job" without sex discrimination; and a large number of other principles of general applicability. The Charter also insists on proper planning of the change-over of industry from war to peace conditions, in order to ensure that labour returns, on fair terms, to various industries in accordance broadly with the relative urgency of different needs; and it demands that, where workers become redundant in the war industries, the State shall guarantee payment of the basic standard rates of wages until alternative jobs are available on comparable conditions. The Charter in effect summarises demands which have been put forward separately before; but, taken together, they constitute a claim which industry cannot easily meet except under conditions of full employment.

Wage-Movement in Reverse

One of the big issues raised by the Charter —and relevant to every industry which needs the return of workers from war work—is that of relative wages. War needs have involved an extensive immigration of labour from worse to better paid industries. The textile and other industries in which average earnings for both men and women are relatively low have lost labour to the engineering, electrical, and other metal-working industries, in which they are relatively high. These differences are quite apart from the exceptionally high

earnings which some workers have been able to make on war jobs, and whose loss, in London docks for example, has been a factor in current disputes. The question is one of pre-war disparities, broadly between relatively prosperous and expanding industries on the one hand, and stagnant or declining industries on the other. The present re-conversion to peace-time production involves a movement from better to worse paid occupations; and under these conditions workers are naturally reluctant to move, especially into textiles, which have become notorious for low wages, in many cases made effectively lower by under-employment. There would seem to be no way in which these industries can hope to restore their labour force except by improving their offers. But this, unless they also improve their efficiency, will hamper them in exporting—whereas it is possibly for work on exports that the Government is most anxious for labour to be transferred. The truth of the matter is that efficiency must improve: there is no way in which labour can be forced to go back to industries which are not able to offer reasonably good wages and conditions. Levelling up, not levelling down, must be the rule; and export policy will have to be based on this assumption.

Housing Palliatives

Mr. Willink last week-end bowed to the storm, and gave local authorities direct powers to requisition empty houses in their areas, without need for "higher-level" endorsement. Owners of houses which it is proposed to take over retain their right either to occupy the houses themselves, or to make alternative proposals for bringing them into use. But the procedure has at any rate become less cumbrous than it was. At the same time the Ministry of Health announced the removal of the £10–£100 limits on unlicensed building and gave the local authorities power to licence without limit of cost for a fairly wide range of purposes, including new house-building and the repair of blitzed dwellings eligible for "cost of work" payments. This will be an improvement, if local authorities show good sense in using these powers; but it will not remove the basic difficulty, shortage of labour. Most local authorities report that there are comparatively few houses available for requisitioning which do not require extensive conversion before they can be made habitable by tenants at present homeless. Moreover, other demands compete with housing. For example, London's problem of blitzed schools is large and pressing. Class B releases from the Forces are beginning, and will be largely concentrated on building workers; but they are fixed at a small proportion of total releases—not more than 10 per cent.—and cannot bring much alleviation for some time. Labour is the real problem; and there is no sign even now that it is being tackled on anything like the scale, or with the urgency, that the situation demands.

Five-Year Steel Plan

There is a grandiose air about £120,000,000. The announcement by the Iron and Steel Federation that it is actively considering a plan to spend this sum on modernising the industry is doubtless intended to be impressive, and to convey the idea that private enterprise may safely be left to reconstruct British steel production on expansionist lines. We are compelled, however, to point out that, when allowance is made for the increased cost of new plant, this programme (of which only "the bulk" is to be completed within five years) represents a rate of capital expenditure not greatly in excess of that of 1933–38. It will do little to make good the six war years of attrition and obsolescence. Moreover, though *the capacity* for steel ingot production is to be increased by 20 per cent., no real assurance is given that the steel "ring" has disavowed its policy of preferring high prices to enlarged *output*, or that selling prices in future will not be saddled with charges in respect to plant scrapped but still "on the books."

THE RIDDLE OF ARTICLE VII

How far is Great Britain tied, in framing its post-war commercial policy, by the Mutual Aid Agreement which forms part of the conditions governing Lease-Lend arrangements? And, more specifically, how far is it tied by Article VII of that agreement? This states that the terms and conditions of the return to be made by Great Britain for Lease-Lend aid "shall be such as not to burden commerce between the two countries, but to promote mutually advantageous economic relations between them and the betterment of world-wide economic relations." The clause goes on:

> To that end they shall include provision for agreed action by the United States and the United Kingdom, open to participation by other countries of like mind, directed to the expansion, by appropriate international and domestic measures, of production, employment, and the exchange and consumption of goods; to the elimination of all forms of discriminatory treatment in international commerce and the reduction of tariffs and other trade barriers; and in general to the attainment of the objects set forth in the Atlantic Charter.

The Atlantic Charter itself was much less specific in its economic clauses. It laid down merely, in Article V, that the participating countries "desire to bring about the fullest collaboration between all nations in the economic field, with the object of ensuring for all improved labour standards, economic advancement, and social security." The Charter also spoke, in Article VI, of "assurance that all the men in all the lands may live out their lives in freedom from fear and want," and, in Article IV, pledged the signatories "with due regard to their existing obligations, to further enjoyment by all States, great or small, victor or vanquished, of access, on equal terms, to the trade and to the raw materials of the world which are needed for their economic prosperity."

This is the setting in which Great Britain's obligations in the matter of commercial policy have to be interpreted. What does it all imply? Does it, for example, allow this country to maintain a system of Empire Preferences, either at home or in its dependent colonial territories? Does it allow a continuance of the arrangements for controlled bulk purchases of certain essential imports which we have developed in time of war? Does it allow the making of trade agreements under which countries from which we buy imports covenant to take certain quantities of British products in exchange? Does it allow continued control over the foreign exchanges, so as to ration purchases from particular countries in accordance with British ability to supply the dollars (for it is really a question of dollars almost exclusively) needed for paying for them? Does it imply fixed and unalterable rates of exchange, or at least rates alterable only by international agreement, and not at the discretion of Great Britain alone?

These are all vitally important questions in view of the strain to which our balance of payments will be put during the years that lie ahead. The fundamental issue is whether Great Britain, having lost most of its overseas investments and piled up against itself vast "frozen" debts which the creditors will wish to turn into free exchange, can in the post-war period balance its international accounts without resorting to a number of these practices, which appear to be of questionable legitimacy in view of the terms of Article VII of the agreement on Mutual Aid. But the doubt is not confined to the literal meaning of Article VII; it extends also to the conditions under which that Article is meant to be fully applied. A similar problem arises in relation to the monetary agreements concluded at Bretton Woods. It is therein recognised that the principles and methods laid down cannot be fully applied except after a transitional period of post-war settling down; and the Bretton Woods agreements do not say what is to be done, or not done, during this period of transition. Presumably allowance must be made for a similar period of transition in commercial policy, during which Great Britain and other countries will be expected to be setting their houses in order with a view to conforming in due course to the entire spirit and letter of Article VII.

The assumption behind this is that the difficulties of the British balance of payments will be only temporary, and that it will be possible to restore some sort of equilibrium within a few years, if only the right measures are taken. But is this assumption justified? It can be so only if two conditions are met—(1), if the world as a whole succeeds in following successfully policies of expansion in production and employment and in ridding itself of restrictive policies not only in the realm of international trade, but also in the domestic behaviour of the individual countries; and (2), if the United States itself adopts a liberal enough economic policy to admit freely the goods which other countries can offer in exchange for its exports, and also shows a sustained readiness to invest abroad at long term any surpluses due to it on international trading account. Unless these two conditions are satisfied, the British deficit looks like being permanent, or rather, preventable only by the adoption of measures to regulate the flow of imports and exports on lines which American opinion may regard as "discriminatory," and as violating the terms of Article VII.

Some Americans, partly recognising these difficulties, are now pressing for the offer by the United States to Great Britain and other debtor countries of a huge capital loan, with the object of supplying the purchasing power needed to pay for American exports. Only the other day, Senator Taft, opposing the Bretton Woods agreements, strongly advocated such a loan, "even if it were to be understood that it would never be repaid." (He did not say, or at all events it did not appear from the report, whether interest would be payable on it; and we must assume that it would). But can Great Britain afford to accept a loan of which the very purpose is to enable us to import more than we are likely to be able to pay for? Surely we must, unless our difficulties are purely temporary, cut our coat according to our cloth. We must buy only what we can pay for, and buy from those countries which are prepared, either to take our goods in return, or to take the goods of other countries which will take our goods and so settle the account. To tie ourselves down not to do this—even in the absence of any assurance that the two essential conditions will be satisfied—might expose us to the risk of default and of an economic crisis much more serious than need arise if we take the appropriate steps of self-defence in good time.

To say this is not to express any preference for discrimination. Far from it. The more freely all the countries of the world can exchange goods and services, without monetary or fiscal obstacles the richer and happier the whole world is likely to be. Discriminations and barriers to trade are bad, and we want as few of them as may be. But we cannot promise what is beyond our power in a world in which the whole balance of economic forces has been utterly upset, and the future economic policies of the nations—and above all of the strongest, the United States—are still for the most part unknown. Nor can it be left out of account that trade agreements between particular countries and arrangements for bulk purchases are not of necessity restrictive. They can be used to enlarge trade, and not only to confine it; and the dislike of them in the United States is at least as much a matter of hostility to State trading and State control as of any will to expand world commerce. The United States tariff is enough to show that the American business interests have no objection to trade restrictions, when they appear to serve their purposes. America is not the stainless archangel, and we the only

would-be sinners. It is to a large extent true that the American habit, like that of other nations, is to "compound for sins they are inclined to, by damning those they have no mind to."

But let us return to our earlier question. How far does Article VII rule out, at all events after a period of transition, things we may need to do in order to balance our international accounts *and at the same time maintain conditions of full employment in Great Britain?* Observe that the Article pledges us quite as firmly to follow a policy of expanding production and employment as to the avoidance of "discrimination" in international trade. What is to happen if these pledges come into conflict, as well they may, especially if things go badly wrong again in the United States? Surely the pursuit of an expansionist policy in production and employment must take priority, even if it involves some element of "discrimination."

We must hope for the best and, while going as far as we dare to meet American wishes and promote American co-operation, refrain from promising what we cannot feel reasonably assured that we can perform. The Bretton Woods Monetary Agreement and the agreements that must some time be made on commercial policy hang together. The practicability of both sets of agreements depends on the degree of common sense and co-operative spirit that the nations of the world display in solving the short-run problems of the transition. That they are offering great difficulties is evident from the silence which envelops the discussion of them that is known to have been proceeding mainly in Washington for a considerable time.

WHO GOES HOME?

[By a Special Correspondent.]

Sir Stanley Reed asked the Secretary of State for War whether measures will be taken to ensure that no prisoners of war, under British control, who have shown themselves to be unrepentant and aggressive Nazis are returned to Germany free to organise anew Nazi cells and tyrannise over non-Nazi Germans, until they have given evidence of good conduct.

Sir J. Grigg: I would refer my hon. Friend to the reply I gave the hon. Member for Maldon (Mr. Driberg) on May 8th.

Sir S. Reed: Does my right hon. Friend appreciate that this is causing very serious apprehension and that those who are in touch with these unrepentant, irreconcilable Nazis view with anxiety their early return to Germany, there to revive their nefarious activities?

Sir J. Grigg: I am completely unaware that any of these unrepentant and aggressive Nazis are being returned to Germany.

(Hansard, May 29th.)

In speaking these words, Sir James Grigg was guilty of a terminological exactitude. It is *exactly* true that no ardent Nazis have yet been returned to Germany. But, unless the camp commandants with whom I recently spoke have all got the wrong end of the stick, the Secretary of State for War, when he gave this answer, had already decided to send the ardent Nazis back, and to keep most of the anti-Nazis in England. Sir Stanley Reed had every reason to feel anxious.

Indeed, it is high time that the whole treatment of German prisoners of war was thoroughly examined. So long as we were at war with Germany, it was not unreasonable for the War Office to take cover behind the Official Secrets Act. The Germans held a very large number of British prisoners, and public discussion of segregation and re-education might have given them an excuse for "reprisals." Now that our prisoners have returned from Germany, there is every reason for public discussion of a problem whose handling will influence the whole future of Europe. There are at present only some 200,000 German prisoners in this country: the bulk of those shipped overseas are in Canada, America and the Middle East. These number something over half a million men. We can reckon, therefore, that some 750,000 young Germans—well-fed and the majority captured while Germany was still undefeated—are in the hands of the Western Allies. What happens to these young men, how and when they are sent home and in what frame of mind, is as important to the fate of Germany as French prisoners in Germany were to France.

Even from a short-term point of view, public security in all four zones will be vitally affected by the policy adopted by each Government to its own prisoners-of-war. The prisoners in Britain, Canada, America, France and Russia, come from all four zones and will be returned, if they are returned, to their homes. Tens of thousands of those now in America will go back to each zone; a large number of those in Britain will return not to the British zone only but to the American, French and Russian zones as well. But at present there is no common policy between the British, Canadian and American Governments, let alone the Russian. We know that the Russians have made extensive use of the Free German Committee to segregate and train German prisoners for work in Germany. During the war, they sent large numbers back behind the German lines, as subversive agents, and some of them fell into our hands. The War Office must, therefore, be fully acquainted with the Russian methods and aware of the post-war use to which these carefully selected prisoners will be put. It is also known that in Canada, despite frantic efforts by the Canadian psychological warfare board, the majority of camps are still under the control of Nazi N.C.O.s, apart from one or two isolated experiments. No real segregation has been achieved, far less re-training. These Germans, thriving under superb physical conditions, have maintained miniature Nazi communities under the protection of the military authorities; and the anti-Nazis by now have been cowed into submission. In America, the scandal was first exposed nearly two years ago. The War Department could not deny either the extravagant luxury or the Nazi psychology of most of the camps. Not only did the prisoners receive American Army rations, 80 cents for a day's work and a free issue of cigarettes: the camps were equipped with elaborate PX stores—corresponding to but vastly superior to our NAAFI—where prisoners could buy gifts for their girls including excellent watches. In one camp a lithograph press was installed to enable them to produce portraits of the Fuehrer. These excesses have been stopped, but even to-day there is no serious effort either to segregate or to re-train.

In Great Britain conditions are now a great deal better. For the first four years of the war the War Office blankly refused to touch the problem. All the camps were Nazi-run, and a number of anti-Nazis were murdered or committed suicide. The vast majority of prisoners, who are neither ardent Nazis nor anti-Nazis, submitted to authority—in this case Nazi authority, tolerated and often supported by the British Army. The reason for this lamentable state of affairs was nothing so dramatic as Fascist influence in the War Office. The Directorate of Prisoners of War was quite properly concerned to avoid reprisals during 1940–41 against the vastly greater number of British prisoners held by the Germans. It became obsessed by the Geneva Convention, interpreting it to exclude either segregation of ardent Nazis or active re-training of anti-Nazis. Moreover, camp commandants, like most human beings, hate unnecessary trouble. The easiest way to avoid "trouble" is to appoint the senior Nazi N.C.O. as camp-leader, and then to leave him to maintain discipline. In almost every camp Nazi sergeant-majors were appointed and maintained excellent discipline. There was no trouble; and, if there was, the trouble-maker was "some damned traitor who deserved all he got."

The War Office had a further powerful argument on its side. When the Ministry of Agriculture began to make demands for German labour, it was stated that Nazi N.C.O.s were the only gang-leaders capable of preserving discipline. Attempts to segregate would cause friction and reduce the efficiency of the prisoners. Anti-Nazis were awkward customers, with political bees in their bonnets and unfitted for leadership. To disturb the Nazi *status quo* in the camps would, therefore, so it was argued, be grossly unfair to the Ministry of Agriculture.

In view of these formidable arguments, which received strong personal support from Sir James Grigg, the achievements of the past year are all the more remarkable. After years of fruitless paper-work, a few enthusiasts at last obtained permission to conduct experiments in segregation. A special camp was established to which anti-Nazis exclusively were sent. Here each prisoner was carefully "screened" to make sure of his complete sincerity. Lectures, films, special library facilities were instituted. Finally, selected bands of "apostles" were sent to a couple of camps, from which the most obvious Nazis had been removed, and given the task of cleaning-up. On their advice further purges were carried out, until the camps were really "white." Contrary to official expectation, the discipline of these first "white" camps was excellent, and the output per man higher than in those run by Nazis.

Since these early experiments segregation has been accelerated. A camp commandant recently told me that over half of the prisoners have now been sorted out into "whites," "greys" and "blacks" (ardent Nazis). Under 20 per cent. are found to be "white," positively anti-Nazi; rather more are "black," positively Nazi. The rest are "greys." Each "white" prisoner has been carefully classified according to job-lists supplied by the Control Commission and by S.H.A.E.F.; and re-orientation by lectures, camp newspapers and films is now under way. The War Office Directorate, sceptical at first of the scheme, and inclined to call its advocates "woolly sentimentalists," recognises its value. It sees a chance of getting rid of Nazi toughs, and re-training "whites" for work in England. Hence Sir James Grigg's reply on May 29th.

Before any final decision is taken, it would be well to examine very carefully the alternatives. The Control Commissions in Germany are desperately short of reliable German man-power. Understaffed and overworked, Military Government is desperately trying to sort out the sheep from the goats, and to rebuild a sound German Administration. On the spot, it is almost impossible to undertake proper "screening" and re-training. Meanwhile, in England hundreds of specialists—civil servants and judges, morse operators and typesetters, journalists and actors have been screened, under proper conditions, and to some extent enabled to read and hear the facts which Nazi propaganda suppressed. True, these "whites" are not all drawn from the British zone. But the Americans are keen to take those whose homes are in the American zone, and there is little doubt that the French would do the same. As for the Russians, it would surely be worth while to raise the matter with them, and to propose that each country should segregate and re-train its "whites" on a common plan and then send back to their homes, wherever they are, all those required by Military Government. The blacks and the greys—the vast majority—should then be retained—under white leadership—for reparation work abroad.

But apparently this is not to be the case. If Sir James has his way, the anti-Nazis, with specialist qualifications for work in Germany, are to clean up the rubble in London, while the ardent Nazis are sent back to Germany to form the backbone of the Werewolves this winter.

But a General Election has intervened. Let us hope that, when Parliament reassembles, the Secretary of State for War has a statement to make which is not only terminologically exact but a straightforward denial that he intends to send ardent Nazis back to Germany, and an assurance that no one will be sent back without thorough "screening" and re-training.

A LONDON DIARY

As I watched the first three hundred results come off the tape, with over one hundred Labour gains and a massacre of Tory Ministers—Grigg, Bracken, Amery, Sandys, Belisha, MacMillan, Somervell, Womersley, Law and Mabane all out—my first two thoughts were whether the rural seats would show an equally big Labour swing and, if so, whether "Gauleiter" Ralph Assheton (now "outside" the House) would allow Mr. Churchill to return to Potsdam in the capacity of a Counsellor to Mr. Attlee, or whether the Primrose League would insist on his status being strictly that of "Observer." Time's revenges for electoral stunts always come, but not often so quickly. But Lord Beaverbrook never has understood the British public.

* * *

Walking down a London street last week, I saw three men pushing a barrow laden with furniture. They stopped outside an empty house. Vigilantes? I wondered. One of them put his hand through a broken pane of glass and opened the door while the others hurriedly carried a bed and chairs inside. I challenged them. No, they were just helping a friend to move house. I said I was neither detective nor bailiff. "Are you a journalist?" said one, "you'd better come in." They would say very little about themselves except that they had come up from Brighton to do this job. Would I be interested in forming a local Vigilante Committee? They would put me in touch with Mr. Cowley, the "Guv'nor." No, they didn't mind what a man's politics were, but they wouldn't have any truck with Fascists who wanted to use their movement for their own ends. They were workers and they were doing what they could to help the wives and families of workers who were in the army. All the time they were talking to me they were busy sweeping up the place, repairing broken windows and generally making the house habitable. Yes, they hoped their movement would grow. Recruits and funds were coming in from all over the country. They didn't want to break any laws. They told the people they helped to offer the proper rent when the landlord came round. It was worth the time and trouble. It needed something like this to shake up the Government. I am not sure how far the new Ministry of Health circular will put an end to the Vigilantes activity. It depends how much the local authorities choose to use their powers.

* * *

I have seen little or nothing in the British press about the arrest of the Six Critics of the State Department. The affair began on June 6th when it was announced that two editors of the Left magazine *Amerasia*, Mr. Gayn, a well-known writer on the Far East, two officials of the State Department and a Naval Intelligence Officer had been arrested on a charge of "espionage." Whoops of joy from the Hearst and Scripps-Howard newspapers which had been pining for a Red Plot for years. Even the *New York Times* and *Herald-Tribune* were at first deceived by the word "espionage." Then things began to come out. Mr. Grew, of the State Department, was closely cross-examined by press men and admitted that "espionage" only meant what in England we should call a breach of "official secrets." No such offence exists in the United States and few newspapers could carry on without knowing the contents of documents marked secret. Indeed, Drew, Pearson and others regularly reveal some secrets—some of them serious ones—while the semi-official commentators from Ernest Lindley downwards are obviously shown State Department documents before they write or broadcast. None of the correspondents believed Mr. Grew when he said that the Federal police were going to end all leakages of official documents. *P.M.* took the matter up with immense vigour; the *New Republic*, *Nation* and many other papers including, on second thoughts, the *New York Times* and *Herald-Tribune* also criticised the arrests. The accused seemed, on analysis, to have only one thing in common. They were all critics of Mr. Grew's Far-Eastern policy and favourable to a settlement between Chungking and the Chinese Communists. Mr. Service, one of the two State Department officials, had been in China with General Stilwell and General Wedemayer, and was regarded as a particularly brilliant opponent of Mr. Grew. I hear that no detailed charges have been made against the Six Critics and they are in fact going on with their jobs while on bail. A very well-informed observer from Washington told me this week that the whole thing was a "frame-up." It would not surprise me if the charges were dropped.

* * *

American experience in the Far East is that the Japanese do not surrender; they prefer to fight to the death even when their position is hopeless. The only people who have had any success with political warfare against the Japanese are the Chinese guerrillas. Knowing that the Japanese army is composed of simple and ignorant peasants who have been brutalised and indoctrinated by their superiors, the Communists have been able to win some of the Japanese to their side. Several hundred Japanese are working with enthusiasm and efficiency with the Communist armies against the war-lords of Tokio. Many prisoners have returned to sow dissension in the ranks of the Japanese. In an official statement Yenan declares:

> Our policy is not to slaughter our captives, but to give them preferential treatment as brothers, allowing them to remain or leave as they prefer, at the same time carrying out an untiring anti-Fascist political education among them; releasing them to go back or retaining those willing to remain. All this has great effect in weakening the fighting morale of the enemy.

This intelligent policy contrasts strangely with the barbaric statement recently put out by General Slim, who, although the representative of a Christian country, has instructed the British troops under his command to kill the Japanese as insects and stamp on them.

* * *

Earl Browder gave a new twist to Marxist argument when he announced the dissolution of the American C.P. and the formation of a "Communist Political Association," and declared in his book, *Teheran*, that American capitalism could be made to work, since the Teheran Conference had shown that, for the first time "capitalism and Socialism had found their way to peaceful co-existence in the world." Now, I see that Jacques Duclos, one of the most prominent French Communists, has written a long article criticising Browder for using Marxist phraseology to spread "opportunist" ideas, and denying that the dissolution of the American C.P. was the right course. The American Communists propose to have the matter out fully at their next Conference. Meanwhile, Browder has been left in a minority of one by his national executive, who have recognised his "errors." No doubt, policy adjustments will follow. This open discussion of Communist policy seems a hopeful augury.

* * *

Historians, searching for evidence of the influence of "the best club in the world" upon Labour M.P.'s, will find plenty of it in Mr. Thurtle's reminiscences. *Time's Winged Chariot* does not of course reflect the views of the 12-year old newspaper boy on Pontypool Road Station; or the youthful secretary in Moss Empires Ltd., or the business man who lost his job in New York because he consorted with Emma Goldman, or even of George Lansbury's son-in-law demanding in the House of Commons the reduction of the British Army from 220,000 to 20,000 men. No! Unfortunately it gives us the philosophy of a maturer Thurtle, for whom Mr. Bracken is always Brendan, and Mr. Bevan anathema. The maturer Thurtle is honest enough to admit his enjoyment of the sweets of minor office, his passionate regret at the passing of the National Coalition, and his scepticism about Socialism. Given the right government, time's chariot may yet wing Mr. Thurtle into the Peerage.

I cannot let the occasion of Sir Kenneth Clark's resignation pass without saying a word of appreciation. He has been one of our conspicuous successes. The National Gallery has attained new life under his direction; and it has become a home of living music as well as of Old Masters. And, not to go farther afield, it is due to Sir Kenneth's combination of Scottish sense with artistic sensibility that some of the best British artists have had a chance to do their peculiar service and not been absorbed as undifferentiated cogs in the war machine.

* * *

I hope that the proposal of "Bart's" to build a new hospital with 600 beds near Watford foreshadows more decentralisation of metropolitan hospitals into the Green Belt. For patients requiring prolonged treatment, central London is a far from ideal location. What is needed in the metropolis is an adequate number of Casualty Clearing Stations—for accidents, emergency operations and cases which cannot be moved immediately any considerable distance. The main hospital establishments forming part of a national health service should surely be in country sites reasonably accessible from the cities they serve.

* * *

The ways of Army Accounts Departments are strange. A young officer in Palestine writes to say that free railway warrants to Egypt are given to officers on leave if "visiting a near relative," and that when he recently went to Cairo to get married the *outward* half of his warrant was disallowed on the ground that he was not, on that stage of the journey, "related" to his fiancée. The return half was admitted to be valid. If he had gone to attend the death-bed and funeral of his mother-in-law, would the *return* half have been disallowed? CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to X. Y. Z.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

How a four-year-old boy persuaded his grandmother to vote for Churchill was revealed at Carlisle. The child's father has been a prisoner of war for some years in the hands of the Japanese. His grandmother, a lady in delicate health, said she did not feel well enough to go out and vote.

"Please go and vote for Churchill," said her grandson, "I want my daddy home." The grandmother could not resist this appeal and went to the polling booth to "Vote for Churchill."—*Cumberland News.*

Bishop Yu-Pin, Vicar Apostolic of Nanking, outlined for the Catholic press this week his plans for the conversion of China. Would-be apostles will be offered good jobs in a number of careers. They will be welcomed by China.—*Catholic Herald.*

The Ipswich Estate Committee have refused an application of the local Youth Council to use the Council Chamber for a mock parliament, "because they wish to preserve the dignity of the council chamber and think that anything in the nature of politics should be kept out."—*The Star.*

Would not an independent Postmaster-General untrammelled by controls, be able to eliminate the bills and circulars, the Income Tax demand notes and anonymous letters, and above all, missives starting "Dear Sir, unless . . ." that clutter up the sorting departments of the G.P.O.? And would he not be able to effect an increase in affectionate letters, Valentines, tasteful postcards and parcels containing silk stockings, such as no soulless State organisation could possibly achieve?—Letter in *Picture Post.*

CAPITALISTS AND THE LAW

One of the good things Mr. Hugh Dalton did at the Board of Trade was to appoint a strong Committee under the chairmanship of Mr. Justice Cohen to consider amendments to the Companies Act, 1929. This was in 1943; and its report is now presented two years later to a Conservative President of that Department. It is not to be expected that Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, ex-managing-director of a City house, will look with the same enthusiasm on the mass of ingenious proposals to put company promoters and directors in strait-jackets. Nevertheless, the Committee's report, which is unanimous, cannot be ignored, coming as it does from such experts as Mr. Catterns, deputy Governor of the Bank of England, Mr. Geoffrey Heyworth, Chairman of Unilevers, Mr. Wilkinson, Vice-Chairman of the Stock Exchange Council, besides one or two Company lawyers, and Mr. John Wilmot who, as a Labour reformist, has made a special study of company finance. We must be grateful to them and their colleagues for their insistence on radical amendments to the law. Whatever Government is in office, it must give Parliamentary time to consideration of a new Companies Act. To the extent that the system of private enterprise is allowed scope in Britain's future economy, it must work honestly and in the light of fuller publicity.

In making sure that everything in the company world is reasonably "above board," including, as far as possible, the boards of directors, the Committee has done—within its limitations—an excellent job. Only in one respect has it been too timid. One of the questionable practices of the joint stock company system is the increasing use of nominees for shareholdings. By this device capitalists—foreign as well as British—who are out for power can buy a majority interest in a company without disclosing their acquisition of control. Or unscrupulous directors, making use of inside information, can operate in shares without revealing their bad behaviour. So widespread is the nominee practice that in 1943 no less than 600,000 individual holdings of stocks and shares were registered in the name of nominees of the joint stock banks alone. Drastic action is undoubtedly called for. Either the practice of nominee shareholders should be prohibited altogether (except for attorneys and trustees) or nominees should be compelled by law to disclose to the companies the names of their beneficial owners.

The Cohen Committee, unfortunately, rejected both these alternatives. It recommends first, that shareholders be required to state—on signing a transfer or directly to the company—whether they are the beneficial owners or not; secondly, that if any person is directly or indirectly the beneficial owner of *one* per cent. or more of the issued capital he must make a full declaration to the company and disclose his holdings. That is all, except that the Committee proposes to give the Board of Trade drastic powers to investigate the ownership of shares whenever it is considered desirable in the public interest—for example, in the case of newspapers. Clearly, this will not stop the growth of the nominee practice. It will give company secretaries a lot of extra work, having to keep a separate register for nominees, and it will annoy not a few investors, but it will not force the hands of the unscrupulous. It will please no one but the joint stock banks who run special nominee companies for the convenience of clients who like to operate in the dark.

In other respects the Cohen Committee's proposals are thorough and even drastic, particularly in regard to the secretiveness of company accounting and the responsibilities of directors. It is not generally appreciated that the proportion of private to public companies has been steadily increasing in recent years. Between 1934 and 1944 the number of private companies jumped from 115,603 to 169,205 (capitalisation £1,935 millions) while the number of public companies fell from 14,852 to 13,303 (capitalisation £4,052 millions). The great advantage of the private company is that it does not have to file its accounts with the Registrar of Companies. Public companies can and do convert their subsidiaries into private companies to claim this privilege and so hide their operations from competitors—and shareholders and public as well. The Committee has an ingenious way of stopping this reprehensible practice. It proposes that no private company can claim exemption from filing accounts if its membership includes a body corporate (other than a corporation sole), or if a body corporate is beneficially interested in its shares. This allows the private family company to go on unhampered, but stops abuses on the part of public companies. It is shocking that well-known and responsible public company directors should have kept their shareholders for so long in ignorance of their operations by this device of "private company" subsidiaries.

Moreover, holding companies are to be forced at long last, if the Committee's recommendations are carried out, to disclose full information about their subsidiaries by publishing consolidated accounts. An exception is made if consolidation would be misleading. The Stock Exchange Council has long been pressing for this reform and many holding companies comply already with its golden rule. But there are notable exceptions and it is high time that they were brought into line.

On the presentation of accounts generally the Committee's recommendations, following closely those of the Institute of Chartered Accountants, are altogether admirable. It comes down heavily against the "hidden reserve." It rightly observes that balance sheets cannot be honest if the real reserves are not disclosed.

On the responsibilities of directors the Committee is equally thorough and constructive. When it deals with new issues or "placings," it makes good the deficiencies of the Companies Act, 1929, and gives the legal counterpart to many of the excellent "new issue" rules of the Stock Exchange Council. Thus, if the Stock Exchange refuses "leave to deal" in shares advertised for sale or placing, the Committee proposes that the money shall be returned to subscribers.

One weakness of the Companies Act, 1929, was that directors were only liable for "untrue" statements in a prospectus. The Committee recommends that they should be liable at civil law also for misleading statements and for the omission of material information which may be misleading. It would also make the expert liable for any untrue or misleading report which he formally allows the directors to include in a prospectus. Advertisements for "placings" the Committee would put on the same footing as prospectuses. If all their recommendations in this section are carried out to the letter, the investor should be spared the deceptions and losses which disgraced the 1928-29 new issue boom.

The Committee has many worthy proposals for making directors behave conscientiously and honestly. It would compel full disclosure of directors' interests at board meetings and in prospectuses, and it would require a register to be kept of directors' transactions in their companies' shares or stocks, which must be open for inspection fourteen days before the annual general meeting. This will not, of course prevent an unscrupulous director taking advantage of "inside" information to make a profit on the Stock Exchange, for he will no doubt "tip" a friend to do the buying and selling on his account, but it will serve as a warning and a guide to the more conscientious.

A serious effort has been made by the Committee to strengthen the hands of shareholders against directors. The divorce of company ownership from control is one of the trends in the capitalist system which no legislation can possibly check, for it arises out of the wider distribution of the national capital. In the early days investors were usually people of wealth and worldly experience. To-day the average investor is small—there are nearly 125,000 shareholders in Imperial Chemical Industries of whom 40 per cent. hold less than 100 shares and 87 per cent. less than 500—and the vast majority of shareholders never trouble to attend company meetings. But the Committee does what it can to help the active or dissentient shareholder who may desire to question or oppose his directors. For example, it suggests that twenty-one days' notice be given of the annual general meeting instead of seven; that directors must come up for re-election singly, and that any director can be removable from office by an ordinary resolution; that if shareholders holding not less than 5 per cent. of the votes (or 100 shareholders holding not less than £100 each) give due notice of an intended resolution, the directors should be forced to circulate it with their annual report; that shareholders be permitted to appoint proxies to attend company meetings and speak on their behalf; and so on. In cases where directors abuse their powers and privileges, these provisions, if carried into law, will undoubtedly be helpful to alert shareholders desirous of a fight. Nevertheless, it is probably more important, from the public point of view, to give the Board of Trade enlarged powers to investigate the affairs of a company whenever it considers it desirable in the public interest or is requested by a responsible body of shareholders, and this the Committee has not neglected to urge in its recommendations.

In making its report the Cohen Committee claims that it has skilfully avoided "placing unreasonable fetters upon business which is conducted in an efficient and honest manner," while making sure that "as much information as is reasonably required shall be available to the shareholders . . . and the public." That seems to be a fair summing-up.

HONEST BROKER

BUREAUCRACY IN EXILE

Since recognition of the Warsaw Government implies the end of Polish administration in Britain, a Treasury Commission is now supposedly at work winding up the London Polish organisations. The Polish members of the Commission are all carefully hand-picked supporters of the Arciszewski clique, whose manifest intention is to save themselves from "liquidation" and to prolong, at the British taxpayer's expense, a swollen bureaucracy which has now no semblance of legality.

Financial relations between the former Polish Government and the Treasury are based on four agreements. The first, dating from September, 1939, dealt with funds for maintaining Polish diplomatic and consular services within the British Empire. The second, dating from the same period, financed the Polish civil Departments during the war. The third and fourth agreements (June 3rd and 7th, 1940) financed the Polish war effort.

These agreements have never been published, so that neither the House of Commons nor the public knows what, if any, conditions for control of expenditure, the Treasury stipulated. All we know is that expenditure up to June 30th, 1945, amounts, according to official Polish sources, to £196,214,485. The White Paper "Mutual Aid, Second Report," presented to Parliament by the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Cmd. 6570) gives a total of £120,000,000 up to June 30th, 1944.

The reports of the Supreme State Audit were never made public nor were they submitted to the members of the Polish National Council. Thus a concise analysis of particular parts of the budget is impossible—the more so since the Minister of Finance was empowered to make transfers from one heading to another.

The Polish budget, for instance, mentions a sum of twelve million pounds for 1944 and six millions for 1945 for "extraordinary expenditure connected with the war." Does this mean

expenses for the underground army and the underground political movement in Poland and elsewhere during the occupation? How far such expenditure was justified depends on the extent it was really used in furtherance of war against the Germans. And, apart from the now admitted misdirection of much of the underground in an anti-Soviet campaign, the public is surely entitled to know how much money has been misapplied. That such misappropriation of funds has taken place is not disputable, though only in one case did the matter actually reach a military court. In other cases, considerable sums of money were simply written off.

It is notorious, however, that a vast bureaucratic administration has been built up in Britain. Eleven Ministries with numerous auxiliary offices, all of them over-staffed, have been furnished with so-called "dispositions funds," used in consuming paper, printing large numbers of books, pamphlets, periodicals, maps, and subsidising friendly English periodicals and writers. A ceaseless stream of propaganda flowed from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Ministry of Information, Ministry of Preparatory Work for the Peace Conference, the Propaganda Department of the Ministry of National Defence and the Polish Research Centre.

The growth of Polish bureaucracy can be illustrated by a few examples. Take the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, for which the Treasury had to provide foreign currency so that a costly service could be maintained abroad outside the sterling area. The amount spent for that Ministry was, in 1941, £471,674; in 1942, £484,076; in 1943, £703,390; in 1944, £975,510, and in six months of 1945, £600,195.

The item "Foreign Offices" (diplomatic and consular representations in the British Empire and abroad) increased from £338,000 in 1941 to £411,910 in 1942, £541,300 in 1943, £615,190 in 1944, and to £481,025 in the six months of 1945.

Countries in which there were no Polish interests or subjects to be protected and with which before the war Poland had no diplomatic or consular relations were now honoured with a Polish representative. Apart from establishing new legations and consulates in the Dominions, there were new Resident-Ministers in Addis-Abbaba, Bagdad, Cairo, Chungking, Montevideo, Lima, Santiago de Chile, Havana and Bogota.

A considerable increase of staff occurred even in pre-war Polish Embassies, although, as a result of war and occupation, many of their duties were discontinued. The Polish Embassy in Washington numbers 48 members, among them two Embassy Councillors, three secretaries, two attachés, three military attachés, a financial Councillor and an economic Councillor. Similarly, the staff of the Polish Embassy in London rose in 1944 to 52 people, including an Embassy Councillor, a financial and economic Councillor, three military attachés and three legation attachés. One of these was an attaché "for parliamentary affairs," drawing £85 monthly. His work appears to have consisted chiefly of reporting the contents of Hansard.

Similar conditions prevailed in the Ministry of Defence. Before the war when Poland had a standing army of about 400,000 men, the number of officers employed in the offices of the Ministry of War, the General Staff and the Head Inspectorate of the Armed Forces, amounted to about 700. The present strength of the army in exile is about 180,000 men, including field and reserve units. More than 900 officers are employed in the Ministry of National Defence and the Supreme Commander's Staff. There exists a "General at the disposition of the President of State," a post specially created for the former C.-in-C., General Sosnkowski, with the full salary of an active General C.-in-C. and with his own office, consisting of 2 officers, 2 non-commissioned officers, one driver and a service car. There are two Political Departments, one in the Supreme Commander's Staff and one in the Ministry of National Defence; a Technical Department and a Military Technical Institute; a Centre of High Military Studies; a Military School with 70 pupils and 94 administrative personnel, among them a general and 54 officers, an office of Economic-Administrative Studies, a Psychodemographical Institute, a section of Military Building, as well as Polish and numerous liaison officers, even with the U.S.A. Army and Air Force, to which no Polish unit is attached. Moreover, the network of Polish military offices stretches throughout the world. Apart from 55 military, naval, and air attachés, there are (or were) military missions and Special Liaison Officers in Washington, Paris, Chungking, and even with the Commanders of the French F.F.I.

It is high time that the British Government, which has paid for this expensive piping, called an end to this nonsensical tune. And not only for the British taxpayer's sake. It is an open secret that General Anders, relying on known sympathies in the British War Office, proposed that the army in exile should be concentrated on the Elbe. This provocative suggestion was quashed; but even to-day the émigré Military Authorities are doing all they can to keep in being a private armed force of their own. Polish soldiers who opt, despite intimidation, for return to Poland are consigned to dismal isolation in a camp near Dunfermline. Anti-Russian propaganda among the troops is being conducted as violently as ever by a press agency called *Swiatpol*. The Treasury is still tolerating and financing a regime whose continued activities in this country will seriously compromise our position in the eyes of democracies throughout the world.

WAR BABIES

Our rural clinic each week is attended by a group of pretty young mothers—many of them with their shoulder curls and socks looking like little girls out with their dolls—chatting busily together as they wheel their babies to be weighed and admired. Admiration is what they expect, and at the slightest encouragement they stop and display their infant to the passer-by, telling his weight, numbering his teeth, describing his wonderful athletic abilities, far in advance of his age, and never failing to add, "He's ever so good, sleeps all night!"

Nine out of ten of these mothers are unmarried, and the tenth, who has been parted from her husband for four years, has three legitimate children and three more under three years old. This last is a good mother, fond of all her children, totally amoral. The girls haven't a qualm about their position. They all take their babies to be baptised and choose romantic names for them—Cynthia Rose, Paul Adrian and the like—and they are aggrieved if there is any delay in publishing these christenings in the Parish Magazine. They have them photographed every few months, an expensive luxury at present. You meet, perhaps in a bus, a young girl that you know quite well, fondly showing off an infant a few weeks old. "Well, May, is this your baby? I didn't know that you were married!" May tosses her head. "Yes, she's my little girl, and I'm not married—and there's plenty like me!" This is all too true. A girl of twenty, who does a little fitful washing for me when she is not going to the pictures in the next town or attending a village dance, informed me that it was ever such a joke that she had five unmarried friends, all with lovely babies and all the same age as what hers is!

The fathers of these approved children, in this part of the country, are mostly Canadians, and the mother beams with content, especially if she has had "a lovely trousseau" from the Canadian Red Cross, which appears to be a very liberal organisation. My washing girl complained to me that, although she had had ever such a beautiful parcel from them, including talcum powder and baby pins, they had left out the carrying shawl that some other girls had had, and she did think it was ever such a shame of them!

The word bastard is not much liked in our village. It is believed to mean that the father is a married man, and this for some reason is resented. It would be no use trying to popularise it, no use at all to tell the mothers that William the Conqueror was a bastard, and that it has a fine Shakespearean ring. It smacks of public-house recrimination, and has almost a sound of reproach about it. That is not the way we talk about our "little babies," who are generally reputed to be accidents—"I don't rightly know what happened to me; he drugged my gin in the Red Lion" is only less popular than the legend that "somebody I never saw rightly jumped out of a hedge and pulled me off my bicycle in the dark, in a lonely part of the road"—and are called love children, mistakes, illegitimates, or simply "his advantage of me." May, of the bus, confided further in me the next time we met that she only knew the fellow on Tuesday and Friday nights at dances, and only met him four times in all.

How times have changed—or have they? Certainly there was no clinic on Airly Beacon, and the lass left sitting there with "his baby on my knee" had no gay companions to share her pride—or what would have been her pride in these days—and drooped a little in consequence. Was Lorraine Lorree's baby born in wedlock? If so it was hardly meant to survive the race that killed its mother. "And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine Lorree!" Hetty Sorrel took her bastard into the woods and there buried it, and there was no question of a layette or any sort of kindness for that unfortunate young woman, who little knew what the rosy future held for the victims of squires' sons and had never heard of Canadian soldiers. Hester Prynne was publicly punished for her elfin Pearl, but in some respects she was akin to the permed and painted young creatures of to-day. She held her head high and she enjoyed her child, played with it, decked it out in bright, charming clothes, and decorated her own person with the badge, the scarlet A, that was supposed to shame her to death. In adorning her child she resembled the village girls, who dress their infants in plush and satin and vie with each other to make their prams smart, embroider the pillows for their bastards to lie upon, and tie handsome teddy bears and blue silk elephants to the leather strap that secures the baby.

These war babies are a remarkable crop, healthy, intelligent, handsome and, I am assured by the doctors, strides ahead of the children born five or six years ago. They learn to walk and talk, they cut their teeth at so early an age that our grandparents would have considered them phenomenal and might actually have been alarmed by their precocity and strength. It is probably because the fathers are in such excellent physical form, partly because the mothers have no scruples and no fears and are themselves a young and healthy lot, partly because the diet for expectant mothers is plentiful and good and that for the infants themselves excellent. Orange juice, cod liver oil, tinned milk rich in cream, concentrated sieved vegetables, abound in the cottages of the poor to supplement the extra milk, eggs and what not allowed to families in wartime. And these young mothers have really learned a great deal about child care and child feeding from the clinics and the radio.

In some cases the fathers allow something per week to the mother of their children, or child, but that is rare. As a rule the girl's parents keep her at home and become devotedly fond of the baby. The young mother usually works, a part-time domestic job, always interrupted blithely when her hair or nails must be professionally treated, or when baby must have his picture taken, or she must go to see *The White Cliffs of Dover*, which makes her cry ever such a lot. But, happy and proud as these young mothers are, openly as they rejoice in their clever, lusty youngsters, there is sometimes a faint shadow on their bliss. (Not, as far as one can see, on the supreme content of the girl in a neighbouring village who pushes a pram that contains the most engaging piccaninny

ever seen, a sparkling black bastard that one could readily steal!) To quote my washing girl again, a luscious young woman like a golden plum, totally brainless, good-humoured and vain, "Some of us have been disappointed. Take myself—I was engaged five years to a fellow, but he threw me over when he found I had baby—and just when I'd be glad to settle down and make a nice home for baby! I can't expect my parents to live for ever!"

C. S.

PAUL VALÉRY

THE death of Paul Valéry plunges into mourning, not only France, but all those throughout the world whom his voice had been able to reach. It is true that his work is as immortal as any work of human hands can hope to be; and its fame will continue to spread through time and space. I leave to others the task of singing the praises of that imposing achievement, so full of instruction and of fertilising power for all manner of people—alike in prose and verse so precise and so full of beauty that it compels admiration and challenges comparison with the purest gems of our literature. Such was Paul Valéry. In losing him I lose my oldest friend. It was a friendship of more than fifty years' standing, and it knew no weakening, no rubs, no flaws: possibly we deserved that it should be like that, different though we were one from another. Although personal confessions repelled him, and though he despised the particular and the individual, I hope he may forgive me for thus expressing my sense of personal loss. Since he considered it his duty to give to the world, on most occasions, only the mature results of his thought, many people were misled by this into seeing in Valéry only a marvellous intellect, using the world and its inhabitants as his toys and refusing to allow himself to be moved or touched by anything. His emotional modesty was indeed very great, and his natural reserve such that he himself seemed hardly to realise to how great an extent his heart was responsible for the secret violence of some of his most lofty lines. Yet it was just these qualities of heart—the fond attentiveness that could blossom sometimes into tenderness—which made Valéry's friendship so precious. I have only to go to his books to find again the treasures of his intellect; but his smile, so affectionate the moment it ceased to be ironical, the look in his eyes, certain caressive inflections of his voice—these are now but memories.

As I was on the point of embarking for Tunis, at the beginning of May, 1942, I had the delight of seeing Valéry once more. He came to join me at Marseilles. When in Paris he often seemed overwhelmed by anxieties, by business and commitments of all kinds. On this occasion, however, during the two days of sunny holiday which we passed together, I found him rested, much younger, full of self-confidence, more lively even, affectionate and bubbling with ideas than he had been in the best days of his youth. His ceaseless talk was full of an extraordinary gaiety, and I was as dazzled by the richness of his intelligence, as I was charmed by the ease and grace of his company.

When at last, after an exile of three years in North Africa, I was able to return to Paris, I found Paul Valéry looking older than I cared to admit, even to myself. "I can't go on," he said to me. Already the disease which soon afterwards declared itself (stomach ulcer, hæmorrhage, congestion of the lungs) had him in its grip. He was confined to bed for a month, during which Penicillin, blood transfusions, and his family's undeviating care, had only the effect of prolonging the most fearful pain. On the few occasions on which I was allowed to see him, suffering made his features almost unrecognisable. During the last visit but one which I paid to him, he kept me for a long time at his bedside, holding one of my hands in his, as if he expected some mystic transfusion to result from this contact. He made several efforts to speak to me, and I leant over him earnestly, straining my ears to understand what he was saying; but alas! I could only catch a few indistinct words. Nevertheless, he remained perfectly clear in his mind, and a few days before he had even been able to derive enjoyment—or, at any rate, some relief—from reading. A fat volume lay on his bed; it was the *Essay on the Character and Customs of Nations*, by Voltaire—Voltaire of whom he had said, speaking at the Sorbonne in the preceding December: "He is the witty man *par excellence*, the freest of human beings, the most prompt and the most wide awake . . Down to his last day he preserved a quickness of reaction which seemed inexhaustible." Did Valéry know, when he wrote that, that those words could equally well have been applied to himself.

The least indolent of men, possessed not only of that "gift for dissociation" which he attributed to Voltaire, but also of a magnificent poetic genius which Voltaire could never boast, Paul Valéry fought unceasingly, with the honest weapons of the intellect alone, for the durable victories of peace. Now that darkness assails us from all sides, France, through the work of Valéry, still sends a ray of light over the world, and what he has given to us cannot be taken away.

ANDRE GIDE

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RADIO NOTES

IN the days before the war, when people were more choosy than they are now, one used to hear a good deal of grumbling about the unadventurous nature of the Proms. I never saw any reason to agree with this particular criticism, and see none now. The Proms were always intended to be the receptacle of all that is most generally popular in the classical repertory, and there are good reasons why they should continue to be that. The field is too large for them to be very much more. Where the B.B.C. (and other organisations) can legitimately be blamed is in timidly repeating Promenade programmes in all other kinds of symphony concert. But even when the very words: Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 1, sends us on a frenzied search for a life-preserver, we ought to remember that here in the Proms is the proper place for that ill-used but charming and vivid work.

On the whole, then, it seems to me that this year's prospectus is rather above the average. The expected guests are nearly all present, and the hospitality may well be better than usual, since Constant Lambert is taking part as Associate Conductor and can be trusted to liven things up. But why so measly an allowance of Haydn—only one symphony out of a hundred and more gems? Among the concertos I look forward especially to hearing Malcuzynski play Chopin No. 2. The orchestral part of Chopin's concertos, by the way, needs re-editing. The attempts so far made have been heavy, elaborate and out of style; all that is needed is a certain amount of manipulation of the existing score, in the interests of a better balance, when the solo is playing, and of effectiveness in the ritornelli. Benjamin Britten should be commissioned for this job: he would do it perfectly.

I understand the B.B.C. have decided against broadcasting any of the novelties contained in the programme. I hope this is not true, for it would be very churlish, even though most of the novelties do not look particularly attractive. But it would be a pity to miss Alan Rawsthorne's *Cortèges*, Schönberg's *Piano Concerto*, and above all the Interludes from *Peter Grimes*. It should be a memorable experience to hear those wonderful pieces of emotional music from a full symphony orchestra. Liszt's tone poem, *Hunnenschlacht* (August 7), is another kind of novelty which it would be wrong to ignore. A fine, spirited, and in many ways original piece, it is scarcely ever given a hearing.

With their integral broadcast of *Peter Grimes*, the B.B.C. made handsome restitution for having ignored this opera hitherto, particularly as the broadcast also went overseas. The drama of this opera is of too visual a kind to make satisfactory radio, and I doubt if those who had not seen a performance can really have received more than an adumbration of the impact in the theatre. But what could be done, was done; the commentary on the stage action, very discreetly spoken by Frederick Grisewood, was seldom more than the listeners needed to grasp what was going on. But the orchestra was far too dim, especially when the curtain was up, with the result that much of the musical detail was lost. (This over-damping of the orchestra—presumably because the engineers are afraid of "boom"—seems to be a constant feature of opera broadcast from theatres.) During the first interval the producer, Eric Crozier, gave an outstandingly interesting talk on the problems and difficulties of opera production in general, and of *Grimes* in particular. Radio producers could have learnt some useful tips from Mr. Crozier, who has worked in this medium and evidently understands its peculiarities.

I hope the Corporation will arrange for an early repeat of *The Trial of Lizzie Borden*. This was one of the most exciting and well-produced dramatic broadcasts I have heard for a long time. Beatrix Lehmann gave a memorable performance.

RECOMMENDATIONS.—*July 29th.* Italian Music (2.30); Rostand's *The Woman of Samaria* (3.45).

July 30th. "In Praise of Cricket" (Compton Mackenzie, 6.45); Barham and the Ingoldsby Legends (Mon. Ronald Knox, 8.15); *Theseus and the Minotaur* (9.30).

August 1st. P. and O. (Play after Somerset Maugham, 8.20).

August 2nd. Music by Mozart and Ravel (3.30); Black Diamonds (6.30).

August 3rd. Operation Phito (8.15).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

THE MOVIES

"La Grande Illusion" and "Years of Endurance," at the Academy
"Pieges," at Studio One
"Volga-Volga," at the Tivoli
"I Live in Grosvenor Square," at the Empire and Warner's

Three revivals, two French and one Russian, break the monotony of Hollywood musicals. Renoir's *La Grande Illusion*, dated the year of Munich, looks backward with what must seem now a rueful nostalgia. The gentlemanly tradition was dying out in the last war, but how poignantly and gracefully it could die! *La Grande Illusion* gives us the last flickers of a tradition, according to which a soldier fought under as many rules as if he were engaging in a duel. Provided he was an officer, of course. Two such aristocrats, a German and a Frenchman, are brought together by an accident that makes one the commander of a prison camp and the other his prisoner. A grim old castle seals off both from the war. In the upper rooms, plugged with lead, corseted in steel, the commander (Erich von Stroheim) stalks and mourns impeccably, while down below his prisoners plan escapes, read old newspapers, go in for theatricals, translate Pindar, and dream of home. Among them is an ironic fatalist, the product of fine breeding and tradition (Pierre Fresnay). Aristocrat meets aristocrat. Politeness on both sides—with a sigh for the times and for an embarrassing situation—is satisfied. In honour bound the Frenchman helps two fellow-countrymen to escape and the German has to shoot him down. They should both have died in battle; that is the burden of their complaint.

But *La Grande Illusion* is more than a lament over honour. This has been only one thread of several, any one of which may turn out to be the most important. The film ends, in fact, with the two escaped prisoners, after arduous adventures, crossing the frontier into Switzerland. One of them (Jean Gabin) has fallen in love with a German woman who has given them lodging. He says he will go back after the war; that's the way to stop wars. Illusion, says his companion. The two, incongruously dressed in shabby town clothes, plod their way across a snowy foothill.

This is a film that it would be fairly easy to tear to pieces; it rambles, it is softer than it should be, curiously imprecise; but any faults are more than counterbalanced by the touches of imagination. War, life itself, is made to seem infinitely remote, as indeed it must seem to the prisoner, and here and there a fantastic detail—the commandant's geranium, the flute-playing on the battlements during the escape—stirs us more than action or argument. While the message of *La Grande Illusion*—unexceptionable though it is—may fall rather flat to-day, Renoir's poetic imagination does not. There are hints here that if he hadn't taken the dollar path to success he might have

produced one day a film of very remarkable quality. I am thinking of screen drama in the category of Cocteau's *L'Eternel Retour*, but without Cocteau's legerdemain of modern-classical themes. Meanwhile, *La Grande Illusion* is well worth visiting, whether you have seen it before or not. In the same programme there is a moving but somewhat fragmentary record of the Occupation and the Resistance movement.

The trouble with *Pièges*, a thriller about girls disappearing, is that it changes tone too often. A lively-sinister beginning, with Stroheim in one of his best marionette roles, gives way to romance and cabaret (Chevalier, a rather haggard playboy, singing one song beautifully), and ends in psychological explanations. Marie Dea is the charming police spy who answers advertisements asking for lonely girls; and this theme could have been pursued rather more thoroughly and amusingly. There is no room in a jaunty thriller for tears.

Except as an antidote to diamond horseshoes and incendiary blondes I can't recommend *Volga-Volga*. It has funny moments, some good scenery unevenly photographed, and a mixture of classical and jazz tunes. But its exuberance (translated now into English) doesn't export too well. The idea of Heaven as an International Exhibition in Moscow is peculiar to the modern Russian.

I Live in Grosvenor Square repeats the parody of English life offered by *Mrs. Miniver* and *The White Cliffs of Dover*. The odd thing is that this transatlantic syrup should be churned out now by an English director, Herbert Wilcox, in the name of Anglo-American understanding.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The First Gentleman," at the New Theatre
"No Room at the Inn," at the Embassy

"This other shape"—Brougham, quoting Milton at Queen Caroline's trial, was referring, with brutal delicacy, to her husband. This shape—

If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member joint or limb.

(Royalty could not be given the insult direct.) ". . . what seemed his head The likeness of a Kingly Crown had on." In Norman Ginsbury's play the great Brougham, who appears in two scenes, is toned down to the position of heroine's friend; and George IV, as Prince Regent, is toned up, by the magnificent acting of Robert Morley and the wit of the author, from the preposterous sensuality of fact into a lascivious but majestic and eloquent dilettante with a truly regal power of avoiding unpleasant subjects (such as the death of a daughter) by concentrating on the aesthetics of the occasion and as it were choosing the colours himself. The facts on which the play is based can be found in two pages of Lytton Strachey's *Queen Victoria*. The Regent's daughter, Charlotte . . . her marriage against her father's will, to Leopold . . . her death in childbirth. That is all. But, "Remember," says the Regent to the valet, who is lacing him up in his stays—"remember that it is human flesh you are squeezing." The history may be thin, but the characters in this play are mysteriously true. Is it the writing? Mr. Ginsbury has certainly avoided the pitfalls of historical drama. There is no tendency, for instance, to drag in a lot of famous people just because they happened to be alive at the time, with footmen at the reception bawling out names like the "Duke of Wellington" or "Mr. Wordsworth" more or less at random. Is it Robert Morley's splendid Prinny, or the acting of Caroline, beautifully and movingly played by Miss Amy Frank? Or Wendy Hiller's Princess, quizzing and stamping and roaring with laughter or standing like a rebellious schoolboy with her arms stuck behind her back, as the memoirs describe her? Or is it Norman Marshall's method with an historical play? Certain recent examples of these have suffered from a plethora of period. How, after all, can people be expected to talk like human beings when they are wearing fancy dress? Mr. Marshall seems to think they can. "Play *against* the period," he seems to be saying to the actors, "or use it to illustrate a point of character." His Regency ladies do *not* dissolve into profound curtseys on the slightest provocation. If you watch Miss Una Venning (as the Princess's sympathetic Miss Knight) and notice the venom and critical disapproval she can infuse into those sharp little genuflexions of hers, you will see what Mr. Marshall means.

The run of *No Room at the Inn*, by Joan Temple, is extended at the Embassy Theatre till August 4th. Readers are reminded that it is a good play well acted, that it deals with current problems of the billeting and boarding out of children, that it helps to make comprehensible the circumstances which brought about the Gough and other horrors, and that the tension and excitement aroused by the Prologue is maintained with few lapses to the end.

STEPHEN POTTER

"The Doll's House," at the Arts

Knowing the outcome of Nora's struggle, both on the stage and in a world of changed manners, we watch the crucial events with an eye, as it were, to form. This gives an ironic slant to many of Helmer's utterances (an incredulous giggle here and there from the back stalls) and perhaps makes one a little impatient over that businesslike winding-up of the spring which in Ibsen first acts sets the machinery going. Mr. Cyril Luckham's Helmer, pompous, playful and affectionate, weathers our patronage well; and there are, after all, many would-be Helmers to-day secretly lamenting the good old times. Miss Jennie Laird gives us a pretty, thoughtful chrysalis capable, when the time comes, of flying off; this transformation is made the more natural by Miss Dorothy Black's Mrs. Linden, a performance of quiet intensity that could hardly be improved on. The only doubtful moment is the revelation of her feelings for Krogstad, and there, perhaps, the fault is Ibsen's; the interlocking of action, we may feel, has been made too tight. Otherwise, the drama triumphantly survives any fears at the beginning that its impulse may be outdated.

"The Lower Depths" at Unity Theatre

Few writers have had greater faith in the essential decency and capacities of man than Maxim Gorki. Yet this moving play about the outcasts of Tsarist society—whose life Gorki had shared in his youth—is virtually unknown in this country. The French film version, *Les Bas-Fonds*, which has been revived several times, gave a romantic twist to the story and destroyed much of its meaning. This brilliant production, by the Glasgow Unity players, catches the real spirit of Gorki's belief that "every man must so live that he feels himself as a man equal to all and any other." Thieves, beggars, drunkards, prostitutes, fallen aristocrats and actors, share the squalor of a doss house. Life for them, is violent and mean. Yet each treasures some small fragment of his old personality; the actor struggles to remember his old lines, the baron recalls his carriages, the street-walker, quixotically, believes herself the heroine of the tragic love-affairs of literature. Death is a happy release, but each struggles to keep a hold on life. Why? The answer is given by Luka, the old pilgrim. Man is driven to live on that one day there may be a better life. These Scottish actors, who have given up their summer holidays to present this play in London, are workers from the factories of the Clyde. So well have they caught its meaning that they have made this show one of the finest Unity has ever staged. Robert Mitchell's production emphasises team work, but John Trotter as Luka the pilgrim, Peter Donaldson as the actor, and Archie Duncan as the convict, deserve special mention. It is a pity that the cast have to return to Scotland on Monday. They would have drawn packed houses for many weeks.

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BALLADE OF POTSDAM

The paper round my fish and chips
Dumb crambo-wise bids me survey
Faces that launched a thousand ships . . .
Their *Ilion* burnt, it seems that they
At *Potsdam* have put on a play
Of *camaraderie* and toasts ;
But, though my gust is for the gay,
The gallery is full of ghosts.

A smile on his laconic lips
Old *Metternich* is there to-day,
And Abbé *Talleyrand* (who slips
Cynical notes to *Castlereagh*)
Bismarck and *Dizzy*, *Poincaré*,
With *Clemenceau le Tigre*, who boasts
That if he'd only had his way . . .
The gallery is full of ghosts.

The nimbus of dictatorships
Survives their catastrophic sway—
Who knows what *Poltergeist* equips
Our idols with their feet of clay ?
The *Doppelgangers* of decay,
Assigned to their predestined posts,
Are *Bourbon* Memories at bay—
The gallery is full of ghosts.

ENVOI

Triumvirate, though we obey
Your Rule of Three, think of the hosts
Death slew—and those he did not slay ;
The gallery is full of ghosts.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Correspondence

INDIAN PRISONS

SIR,—I did not attempt to apportion blame for the cruelties perpetrated in Indian prisons. It should, however, be remembered that the control of the Special Branch and of Elysium Row, the happily named place which serves as Calcutta's Scotland Yard, is vested in the Chief Commissioner of Police, and is not subject to ministerial scrutiny.

I spoke of "politicals" being flegged and, in an earlier issue, of bar-fetters and penal diet. Miss Rathbone asks for substantiating evidence. The 1943 *Government Report on the Prison Administration of the United Provinces* says that, during the year and in that area alone, there were 83 cases of whipping, 4,086 cases of "fetters *and* handcuffing," 1,290 cases of separate and cellular confinements, and 29,344 other cases of "minor" and "major" punishments, such as penal diets, etc., *inflicted by prison officials at their own discretion*. This is quite distinct and separate from the 264 cases of whipping which were ordered by the law courts. In 1941, the same source reported 11 cases of whipping inflicted by prison officials. The sudden jump to 83 in 1943 was due to whipping of "politicals." These are Government figures. Unfortunately, the recent issues of the Prison Reports of Bengal are not available here. The United Provinces are, however, fairly quiet compared to Bengal, and, if anything, things are worse in the latter province.

Kamakhya Sen's name was on the Bengal Civil List. The cause of his death and other details are, therefore, easily ascertainable from the India Office. His record is notorious in Bengal and an official investigation should be easy and profitable.

The case of Mr. B. Das, ex-Premier of Orissa, who was beaten up in the Berhampur Prison (Ganjam), which I mentioned in an earlier issue, was discussed on an adjournment motion in the Orissa Legislative Assembly (*vide* Official Proceedings, March 1st, 1944). According to the Government version, "the lathi charge was made twice and 18 of (the prisoners) were seriously injured and they were lying in the (prison) hospital." The *Hindusthan Standard* of Calcutta published this news on February 3rd, 1944, the *Bombay Chronicle* on February 4th, and other papers published it about the same time.

Miss Rathbone does not seem to question the Hijli Prison Camp shootings. This infamous Hijli Special Camp has been reopened (on May 27th, 1940; *vide* 1940 *Report on the Administration of Bengal Prisons*), and if it has changed its habits of olden days, it will indeed be a pleasant surprise to most of us.

Severities that are practised in Indian prison camps and in police lock-ups by daroghas are unworthy of any civilised State. The suggestion of an investigation, which has happily been made with your authority, will, I am sure, be welcomed in India. A thorough-going reorganisation of the whole police and prison system, with a view to limiting the uncontrolled authority of officials, is a crying need of India. Whipping at the discretion of the Prison Superintendent is, to say the least, a tyrannical practice which must be abolished.

D. M. SEN

16, Turl Street, Oxford.

SIR,—Mr. Sen is putting on his paint too thickly. There may have been exceptions here and there in Indian prisons, and where are there not? But I speak from thirty years of experience; cases of maltreatment and cruelty may have occurred now and then, but on the whole the Indian prisoners are given a treatment that would put to shame many a Western prison authority. Mr. Sen does not know his own countrymen. I can take him round and show him hundreds of healthy able-bodied men who prefer to be in prison than out of it and starve. I have not known of a single prisoner who has returned from Andamans speak harshly of the treatment meted out to them. Mr. Sen speaks without experience of political prisons. The first batch of such men I saw was in Madras Central jail amongst whom was the first Indian President of the Central Legislature, and I am prepared to go so far as to say that most of them had better food and better living accommodation in the jail than they ever had in their own homes. The Superintendent of the Prison was a Parsi, and he made it a point to see that those under his charge had no cause to complain. Mr. Patel himself had special privileges, and it was seen to that he had them. I regularly visited political and other prisoners in the Tinnevelley jail, and I never heard a word of complaint from any of them, on the other hand, they had nothing but thanks and praise for the authorities. Can Mr. Sen say that the ex-Maharajah of Nabha was not treated as a prince in exile? I knew him personally. He always groused and grumbled, and his political grievance was fully exploited till he was bled white, but he never did complain of the treatment he received.

It is futile to indulge in destructive criticism. Mud slinging will do no good to India. Let us forget our differences, bury the past and unite to build a happy and free India.

D. FRENCHMAN

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL

SIR,—My chief quarrel with Mr. Dark's article is its inaccuracies, either of fact or of implication. I will deal as briefly as possible with some of the errors.

(1) "There does not seem to be any statutory obligation" for the selection of the Vicar as Chairman of the Managers. The Instrument of Foundation, or the "Final Order" of nearly every Church School requires categorically that the Vicar shall be *ex officio* Chairman of the Managers.

(2) "It is pleasanter to work under the intelligent direction of experts than under a body of managers. . . ." This does not make sense in any comparison of Church Schools with Council Schools. The relationships between staff and Managers are almost identical in both types of school and the Church-school teachers work as much under the "intelligent direction" (they might question the phrase) of the experts as their colleagues in the Council Schools. In any case, it must not be assumed that the Managers of Council Schools are necessarily more intelligent or more expert than those of Church Schools.

Poets' wives...

To Hazlitt, you remember, the wives of most poets of his acquaintance appeared as mere pieces of furniture. Poets now should count themselves lucky in this respect, for we at Heal's have been able to make precious little of any other furniture for them since the war began. To those of sense and sensibility, less fortunate in their household possessions, we recommend an inspection of our well-chosen collection of antiques — fine furniture of Hazlitt's period and before.

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(3) "Village salaries are lower than town salaries. The new Burnham Scales have abolished differences in salary in different types of area (except for the Metropolitan Area.)

(4) Mr. Dark's recitation of the time-table at his village school suggests that it is exceptional and that his local headmistress is unusual in her "intelligence and vocation." Perhaps she is. But nobody who knows the schools of the English countryside will find anything remarkable in this time-table.

(5) We have heard of the amateur who continually "notices" boys and girls "loafing" when they should be in school. He is on a par with the landed proprietor on the Bench who declares that children leave school unable to write or read and the Blimp who says the Youth of the country is going to the dogs, damme! Did Mr. Dark ever stop these truants and ask them why they were not in school? The patient investigation of hundreds of these vague complaints has nearly always led to the same result, the boys and girls were over school-age, although they didn't look it; they were convalescing; they were "contacts"; the school was closed because of an epidemic; they were from another area where the schools were on holiday. For every truant there were a hundred children genuinely absent from school. Surely, as a ratepayer, it is Mr. Dark's duty to ascertain the facts and send them to his Local Authority, not to sit down and write to the papers about it.

(6) "Medical supervision is far more perfunctory than it is in London." This may or may not be true. My guess—which is as good as Mr. Dark's—is that it is not true. In any case a statement like that is worthless without some evidence.

So I could go on. I have spent many years working and fighting for the rural schools, but I never expected to have to fight Mr. Dark or the *N.S. & N.* In the long run, of course, the villages get the amenities they are prepared to pay for. Admittedly, the Treasury has never been rural-minded, but if the villages sent to Parliament and to the County Council representatives who were truly representative, and if the people with the money in the rural areas were prepared to foot their share of the bill, the village schools could be as efficient in every way as the town schools. Many of them already are.

H. M. BURTON

[Sidney Dark writes: I am of course familiar with Mr. H. M. Burton's admirable book *The Education of a Countryman*, and I have read his comments in the proper chastened spirit, though Mr. Burton's querulousness suggests the resentment of the professional at an "amateur's" invasion of his territory. I was careful to accent that I was writing from "a very narrow experience." But I have come to know one small restricted district intimately and the facts that I have recorded are facts. I know the local school managers. I know how trying it must be to work with them. As a governor of a London secondary school (it is of course a secondary school no longer) I have had contacts with the expert officials of the Education Committee and I realise how much more helpful to the teachers it must be to work under their supervision. I did not suggest that our village time-table was exceptional or remarkable. I quoted it as a proof that the junior village schools can be quite admirable.

From any less authoritative a person than Mr. Burton it would be sheer impertinence to suggest that I wrote without investigation that village children are notably more irregular in their school attendance than town children. I know the children to whom I referred. I know their ages. I know their parents. My statement could be confirmed by the teachers in an evacuated London school who have just returned home. Incidentally I am not a local ratepayer.

Mr. Burton scornfully compares me to "the landed proprietor on the bench who declares that children leave school unable to read and write." I know village children who have left school at 14 hardly able to read and write and with a halting knowledge of the multiplication table. My statement that medical supervision in these parts is perfunctory is of course true. Otherwise I should not have made it. Again I suggest that it is impertinent to use the term "worthless" to what is a fact and not, as Mr. Burton calls it, a guess. I don't guess when I am writing for THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

Certainly "if the villages sent to Parliament and to the County Council representatives who were truly representative" the village schools might become efficient, and Mr. Burton's fight for their efficiency is to be applauded. But he really should not be gratuitously rude.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—I am a Manager of a village school. One of the three teachers has left. The Local Authority cannot replace her, and the Managers are told to find another teacher themselves, if they can. Meanwhile, two teachers, one uncertificated, battle hopelessly with nearly eighty infants and juniors. At another school under the same Authority, a young male teacher, fresh from his two-year course, has been teaching for three weeks, but his deferment expires in a few days and he is expecting to be called-up for the services immediately. That he will be is certain unless the Ministry of Labour can schedule all trained teachers as "reserved" now, instead of only those who begin their training next autumn and are then under 18. What is more, this ludicrous procedure will go on until all the young teachers at present in training colleges are drafted into the services. Can we afford to lose even hundreds of trained teachers with the appalling shortage everybody knows exists up and down the country? The urgency of the question makes nonsense of any talk by the Ministry of Labour of "equity." If we part with a single trained teacher under present conditions, the 1944 Act is just printed paper.

MANAGER

NOWHERE TO GO

SIR,—In the article, "Nowhere to Go," which appeared in your issue of July 14th, the author very rightly points out that unless drastic steps are taken immediately by the Government Department concerned to put back into circulation all requisitioned buildings formerly used to provide holiday accommodation and to release as many hostels and other premises as can be adapted to holiday purposes, the chaos which has reigned this summer at holiday resorts, will be repeated in 1946.

But with the best efforts of the Government and of all other organisations concerned, commercial and voluntary, it seems clear that the amount of accommodation cannot be adequate for several years to come, if ever, under the old system, whereby the vast majority took their holidays within a period of two or three weeks of the summer.

The only immediate step which can be taken to mitigate this evil is to insist on adequate staggering of industrial holidays. Staggering does not require labour or building material, nor is any money involved. It would be a comparatively simple matter for whatever body is to be responsible for the catering industry as a whole, to correlate the information on the incidence of industrial holidays which was available just before the outbreak of war with estimates based on Ministry of Production data, and to allocate certain definite weeks to different areas as holiday weeks, on the tried and successful Wakes Week principle. Most of the popular holiday resorts tend to draw their customers from the same areas year after year and the object of allocations would be to see that there is sufficient spacing between the holiday periods of areas frequenting the same resorts. This was the origin of the Wakes Weeks, since the Lancashire cotton towns all tended to migrate to Blackpool when on holiday.

The difficulty will be to persuade people to accept a week other than the one which they have long been accustomed to consider the only possible one. The industrial worker is gregarious and finds a reasonable crowd essential for his amusement. Care would thus have to be taken to ensure that the amount and standard of entertainment is the same in June and September as in August. Another step which would be of considerable assistance in levelling the peak holiday period would be the abolition of the August Bank Holiday, replacing it with a day in the middle of September. The August Monday has been very largely responsible for holiday tradition and its

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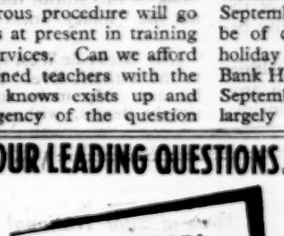

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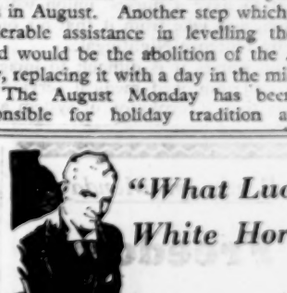

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disappearance would certainly affect the habits of the new holiday makers.

ROBERT R. HYDE

Industrial Welfare Society.

WHY NO NURSES?

SIR,—I observed with great relief your correspondent's article dealing with the serious problem of the acute shortage of nurses.

After three and a half years as a V.A.D., experiencing general, maternity, T.B. and prison nursing, I am quite positive I could never be happy as a trained member in any branch of this profession, nor could I recommend it without reserve to any one else.

I found its most galling feature in the impossibility of maintaining outside interests and friends. Not knowing from one week, sometimes even from one day to another, when one is off duty, it becomes extremely difficult to make plans for leisure time and quite impossible to maintain any regular interest, such as a club, evening classes, etc. It is this which makes for that closed circuit of celibacy referred to by your correspondent. The remedy lies in evolving a regular system of duties, probably on the three-shift basis, and that this *can* be done is proved by the fact that a few hospitals have such a working plan.

Another point which roused my bitter resentment was that although considered capable of guarding single-handedly the wellbeing of some thirty patients during the night, I was not at times considered responsible enough to decide how many hours sleep, even what meals I should consume to maintain my own health!

It is true that where women work under their own sex petty jealousies and disciplines ensue, but if these could be restricted to working hours they might be bearable, but to endure them twenty-four hours of each day is unbearable. If nurses must eat, sleep as well as work together—and frankly, I do not see the necessity—then let it be in an atmosphere completely removed from hospital etiquette. Let us also blast wide this idea that a Matron is responsible for the moral welfare of her probationers, and should have power to restrict their private lives accordingly.

I believe that reforms must be imposed on this profession from without for my impression of the modern trained nurse is that she is either too tired, or too much affected by present conditions to insist on a change. There is also a widespread and mistaken idea that to have a nurses' union would lower the profession, and take from it that air of nobility bestowed by Florence Nightingale.

Without nurses it is difficult to imagine healthier citizens and improved medical services. Can anything less than a revolution of system and principle, combined with a nation-wide appeal, make good the present acute and increasing deficiency?

V. A. D

ENGLISH FOLK MUSIC

SIR,—Your radio critic does not dispose of Dr. Vaughan Williams's argument by raising the issue to æsthetic levels and there attempting to establish the shortcomings of English Folk music for symphonic purposes. There is nothing about English folk-song which makes it (as music) less suitable than the Russian or Norwegian for more formal purposes. The difficulty arises out of the non-assimilation of these songs—not into our musical language—but into our lives. English folk-song died and became remote, had to be revived by societies and researchers.

The Russian aristocrats who first heard Glinka's operas stigmatised them "coachmen's music." At least they made no mistake over their origin. But we have had to be reminded, by patient enthusiasts and painstaking historians, that the English Folk music was the *common peoples'* music. It is not surprising, therefore, that your critic falls into the monstrous description of our music as that of a "good-natured" people. Though why, to prove his point, he should cite Elgar (whose brooding melancholy and passionate outbursts are as characteristic as his "*piacevole*," whose driving rhythmic vitality is as frequent as his "*pastorale*") I don't quite follow.

Perhaps the whole trouble is that our Folk Song has been studied purely as music. The words and the uses of the songs have been forgotten, are overlooked. But the wild *Cutty Wren* ends with the challenge "*We'll give it all to the poor*" to the accompaniment of violent foot stamping. That is no "mild idealism." Says another song, "*My love was like an unquenching fire, like raging fire he did seem to burn.*" And another "*Nor shall I lie with any young man until the day I die, Now the cold cold coast of Greenland has torn my love from me.*" These are songs of passion and deep tragedy; they show no "emotional naivety." And the music was not only wedded to these words. It grew out of them and was influenced by them. To hear these songs (away from the discreet and middle-class vitreousness of the arrangers' settings) sung unaccompanied, by some old singer who has been handed the tradition, is to be brought face to face with another world. Perhaps if our composers got to know something of this world, their music would in time reflect not the "folkey"-ness but the *vitality* of it.

BENJAMIN FRANKEL

[Mr. Sackville West writes: "The issue was 'raised to the æsthetic level' by Dr. Vaughan Williams, not by me. My main contention your correspondent simply denies, without adducing any proof. The point about Elgar is that the movement I cited obviously has its roots in English folk music—and it is amiable, whereas in his 'melancholy and passionate outbursts' Elgar recalls German rather than English music. As to the songs mentioned, I should not think of denying them vitality; but good nature and emotional naivety do not, after all, exclude 'passion and deep tragedy'."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

BARBELLION

SIR,—Mr. Paul Dombey's article on Barbellion's *Journal of a Disappointed Man* contains several misstatements. Barbellion did not die of "pulmonary tuberculosis" nor did his life "falter to its grim conclusion" in "the world of the genteel boarding-house"; and he was over, not under, thirty when he died.

Mr. Dombey seems to have neither read nor heard of Barbellion's *A Last Diary*, published posthumously by Chatto and Windus in 1920 with a Preface by the author's elder brother, who writes that Barbellion died of disseminated sclerosis, "a horrible and obscure disease . . . that attacks certain cells of the spinal cord . . . killing its victim by degrees in a slow, ruthless process of disintegration."

Barbellion himself inserted the words "Died on December 31st (1917)" at the end of his *Journal*, as a kind of grim challenge to Fate. They proved inaccurate, for in fact "his life came to an end on October 22nd, 1919, in the quaint old country cottage at Gerrard's Cross, Buckinghamshire, where for many months he had lain like a wraith, tenderly ministered to in his utter weakness by those who loved him. His age was 31."

MARY GASKIN

[Mr. Dombey writes: "I am grateful to Miss Gaskin for putting me right over the date of Barbellion's death and the nature of his illness. I knew of the existence of the *Last Diary*, but was unable to get hold of a copy, and so was misled by the italics of the last sentence in the Diary into supposing them the insertion of the editor. Barbellion does not specify the nature of his disease in the Diary, but from internal evidence I judged it to be what I said."—ED. *N. S. & N.*]

TEMPERA

SIR,—Your critic is in error in stating that I use tempera to imitate mosaic. A quick drying medium necessitates the building up of an effect by deliberate and final touches. The use of a square brush on a dark ground gives an ability to modulate tone and colour over a surface of any size and also a *superficial* appearance of mosaic. I would remind your critic that French critics of the last century complained that the pointillistes imitated *petit point*.

Tilty, Dunmow. JOHN ARMSTRONG

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JONATHAN CAPE

BOOKS IN GENERAL

WHEN Thomas Hobbes, at the age of eighty-four, looked back on his life, he found the key to it in fear. "Fear and I were born twins," he wrote; for his birth had been premature, hastened by the panic of the Spanish Armada. Fear characterised his personal life, making him twice a fugitive. Fear is the basis of his political philosophy, as of all dictatorships; the very word tolls like a minute-bell throughout the *Leviathan*. But philosophical systems do not spring from obsessions only. The mind of a revolutionary thinker is rarely simple. And the extraordinary boldness of Hobbes's intellectual method requires some less facile explanation.

Like many great revolutionaries, Hobbes was a convert. His early studies were desultory. In his youth, he loved music, and the lute. At Oxford, he left his books to snare jackdaws. As tutor to the Cavendish family, he hawked and hunted in Derbyshire, and wrote a poem on the wonders of the Peak. His intellectual interests were with the humanists. He jotted notes for Francis Bacon in the stately gardens of Gorhambury. He read Aristotle, and translated Thucydides; corresponded with philosophers, and conversed at Great Tew. He had already passed his fortieth year, ingenious but infertile, a witty conversationalist and pleasant companion for his aristocratic friends, before he reached that intellectual crisis, which to most men occurs, if at all, at least ten years earlier. Travelling abroad with his patron, he picked up a text of Euclid, and opened it at the forty-seventh proposition. From that moment he was "in love with geometry"; it was "the only science that it hath pleased God hitherto to bestow upon mankind."

Whether his conversion was really as simple as this, we cannot say. Such incidents are usually the culmination of a long and painful process, not a substitute for it. But from that time Hobbes gradually turned his back on his intellectual past, and trod a new path, which he never forsook. Aristotle, he now discovered, was no better than a country bumpkin; nothing could be more absurd than his Metaphysics, nor more repugnant to government than his Politics, nor more ignorant than his Ethics. Henceforth logic was the only intellectual method which he allowed. The baggage of the past—experience, tradition, observation—was jettisoned. He read little. Had he read as much as other men, he said, he would know no more than they. Instead of reading, or observing, he thought, logically. He walked in France with a pen and inkhorn in his stick, and a notebook in his pocket, "and as soon as a thought darted, he presently entered it into his book, or otherwise he might perhaps have lost it." Thus the *Leviathan* was written.

The axiom, fear; the method, logic; the conclusion, despotism. Such is the argument of that extraordinary book. Man, says Hobbes, is by nature unpolitical and irrational, a mechanical creature moved by strings and springs, and driven by fear and emotions derived from fear. "The cause that moveth a man to become subject to another is fear of not otherwise preserving himself." Man does not move towards positive ends, but away from fear. It is fear that urges him to "a perpetual and restless desire of power after power, that ceaseth only in death." Of all the horrors of the state of nature, so grimly catalogued, the worst of all is "continual fear and danger of violent death." And if a man turn to philosophical speculation, what comfort has he?

> As Prometheus (which interpreted is, the Prudent Man) was bound to the hill Caucasus, a place of large prospect, where an eagle, feeding on his liver, devoured in the day as much as was repaired in the night; so that man which looks too far before him, in the care of future time, hath his heart all the day long gnawed on by fear of death, poverty, or other calamity, and has no repose, nor pause of his anxiety but in sleep.

What is the answer to this terrible, this obsessive problem? One answer is given by the Churches, which exploit fear, and particularly "the fear of darkness and ghosts, which is greater than other fears," building thereupon a pretentious superstructure of myth and mummery only "to keep in credit the use of exorcism, of crosses, of holy water, and other such inventions of ghostly men." This answer Hobbes utterly rejects. Religion is not a safeguard against fear, but a parasite on it. Though his prudence made him an Anglican, and his logic an erastian, Hobbes was, in fact (as his enemies maintained), a complete atheist, regarding all religion as a deliberate fraud invented by priests to fool the people. Ill in France, he was pestered by the clergy of three denominations, begging him to die in their communions. "Let me alone," he replied, "or I will detect all your cheats from Aaron to yourselves." And he attributed "all the changes of religion in the world to one and the same cause; and that is, unpleasing priests."

The violence of Hobbes's atheism, which makes him so readable, suggests that in this, too, he may have been a convert. It is interesting that his contemporaries believed (perhaps on the evidence of his writings) that he was afraid to be alone in the dark; and though his friends denied this, the vividness and frequency of his allusions to supernatural fears suggest that he may not always have been exempt from them. The man who described Brutus, haunted by the ghost of Cæsar—

> For sitting in his tent, pensive and troubled with the horror of his rash act, it was not hard for him, slumbering in the cold, to dream of that which most affrighted him.

and who, in a series of contemptuous paragraphs, likened the whole apparatus of the Roman Church to the imaginary world of spooks and hobgoblins, at least knew some sympathy with the emotions he disclaimed.

Hobbes's answer is therefore a purely secular answer. To escape the consequences of his bestial and timid nature, man must erect a civil authority of terrifying completeness: a state based on naked, and wielding absolute, power, with no other function than to wield power; whose effectiveness alone is its legitimacy; whose opinions are truth; whose orders are justice; resistance to which is a logical absurdity. This is "that great Leviathan, or rather (to speak more reverently) that mortal god, to which we owe, under the immortal God, our peace and defence."

The *Leviathan* is a fantasic monster, such as is sometimes cast up, with other strange births, in political, as in marine, convulsions. It is an isolated phenomenon in English thought, without ancestry or posterity; crude, academic, and wrong. Its axioms are inadequate, its method inapplicable, its conclusions preposterous. Only once or twice in history has any reality corresponded with it—the naked power of Cromwell and of Himmler—and how short-lived and disastrous those experiments have proved! Hobbes's whole system was based on huge errors, uncorrected, because untested, by observation. He had learnt nothing of experimental methods from Bacon, nothing of historical understanding from Thucydides. A vivid impression of civil strife is perhaps all he preserved from the profound wisdom of that greatest of historians. To compare him with Machiavelli is absurd; for Machiavelli tests and illustrates every thesis by historical analogy. Hobbes despised the evidence of the past. It was no better, he said, than prophecy; "both being grounded only on experience." He cannot even be regarded symptomatically, as a commentary on contemporary events; for his fundamental ideas were developed before civil war had broken out in England or France. He is a typical, academic *Gelehrte;* which is perhaps why his most enthusiastic commentators have all come from Germany.

Why then is he important? First, for his style. Hobbes was no spellbinder. A complete nominalist, he used words as tools, not as charms. He was contemptuous of fine, meaningless phrases. St. Thomas Aquinas had called eternity "*nunc stans*, an ever-abiding Now"; "which is easy enough to say," remarked Hobbes drily, "but though I fain would, yet I never could conceive it. They that can are happier than I." "Words," he said elsewhere, "are wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools." Nevertheless, though Hobbes could never lose himself in an *O Altitudo*, the stock from which he drew his counters was that wonderful, rich vocabulary of the seventeenth century, the vocabulary of Milton and Donne and Sir Thomas Browne; and by the boldness with which he used them, by the monolithic temper of his mind, and the formidable logic of his argument, he wrote a book which is as striking in its singleness of purpose, its defiant language, its inspired iconoclasm (and sometimes its dullness), as the poem of Lucretius.

Secondly, he concentrated his doctrines into a single, timely and complete work. Many of those doctrines had already appeared in the works of French lawyers and English pamphleteers, and in Hobbes's other English and Latin works; but in the *Leviathan* they are brought together in a logical system that allows no further development. And this book, by an accident of date, acquired a terrible significance. In 1651 the ingenuous author presented his academic thesis to the exiled Charles II. Two years later, Cromwell seized power in England, and Hobbes's outrageous doctrines suddenly corresponded, or seemed to correspond, with a fearful reality. Already "the father of atheists," he now appeared as the theorist of the usurper, made yet more dangerous and detestable by the ringing phrases, the exultant nihilism, with which he swept away the tinselled rubbish of traditional thought. However hollow and ramshackle the idol which he substituted, he had done his work of destruction well. When King and Court returned to authority, the royalist clergy might snipe timidly at the old pachyderm as he brushed through their shady preserves; Dr. Beale, in his court sermons, might still dispute the old question, whether angels have beards, and decide learnedly that they have; the theorists of Divine Right might mumble away about Noah and Nimrod; the bishops might "make a motion to have the good old gentleman burnt for a heretique"; the odious Baxter might join with high-flying Anglicans against him: but it was all rather ineffective. Charles II preferred wit to orthodoxy, and protected his former tutor. As for the philosophers, they might keep his unpopular name from their books, but they could not exclude his achievement from their minds. He had cleared political thought of its ancient, biblical cobwebs, and set it firmly on the secular basis of human psychology. That his psychology was inadequate, elementary, and wrong is an irrelevant objection. The function of genius is not to give new answers, but to pose new questions, which time and mediocrity can resolve. This Hobbes has achieved. By one great thunderstorm he had changed the climate of thought; and his achievement is not the thunderstorm, but the change.

After the storm, the old philosopher enjoyed his ease. He was back in Derbyshire, still with the Cavendishes, the friends and patrons of seventy years. Erect and sprightly, his health improving yearly, he still played tennis at seventy-five; after which a servant would rub him down in bed. Then, in the privacy of his chamber the old bachelor would lift up his voice and sing prick-song, for the health of his lungs. It would prolong his life, he believed. Certainly he went on living. He seemed immortal, like Satan himself; a genial Satan. At eighty, he wrote *Behemoth*, incorrigibly erroneous. At eighty-six, feeling bored (for conversation at Chatsworth was sometimes thin) he dashed off an English translation of the Iliad and the Odyssey. At ninety, he was still going. His face was rubicund; his bright hazel eye glowed like an ember; and when he took his pipe from his mouth, he delighted all by his brisk and decisive repartees. Only the flies disconcerted him, settling on his bald head. Of the *Leviathan*, that product of his headstrong sixties, he did not speak. There has never been anything to add to its utter finality.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

CAN GERMANY BE A FREE NATION?

The Course of German History. By A. J. P. TAYLOR. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Prelude to Silence. By A. BRECHT. *Oxford University Press.*

Both these books on Germany—the one by a distinguished civil servant of the Weimar Republic, the other by an Oxford don—are of considerable importance, though for different reasons.

Dr. Brecht's attempt to analyse the distribution of responsibility for Hitler's capture of power is commendably terse and contains many facts forgotten by controversialists—including Mr. Taylor. But its main value is that it reflects—unconsciously and therefore truthfully—both the acuteness and the political stupidity of what is still a most important class in Germany. Dr. Brecht sees Hitler's advent to power as a most regrettable accident, for which no one, least of all the German people, is guilty; and he attributes it to a combination of five factors, the conduct of the aged Hindenburg between 1930 and 1933, Brüning's mistake in dissolving the Reichstag in 1930, the attempt to overcome the economic crisis by deflation, the German system of proportional representation, and the attitude of the Communists throughout the period. He proves to his own satisfaction, by a painstaking analysis of election results, that the triumph of Hitler was *not* due to a German propensity to Totalitarianism. Mr. Taylor, on the other hand, basing his argument on a survey of German history since Charlemagne and a detailed study after 1915, argues that Hitlerism was the supreme synthesis of Little and Greater German nationalism; and that those "good Germans" who opposed it never counted in politics.

Stated in these bare general terms, the contradiction seems absolute. But, as usual, difference of method has a good deal to do with it. If, in analysing a political crisis, one concentrates attention, as Dr. Brecht does, on the personal and constitutional factors, the element of the accidental looms larger and larger until the absurd conclusion is reached that the absence of Herr X for ten minutes from a certain Cabinet meeting—due to a gastric chill—was the real turning point. Dr. Brecht's "objectivity"—his inability to consider the historical pattern within which the political events took place—leads him to this type of "accidental" conclusion. Seen through the spectacles of non-political *Beamtentum*, German history presents the slightly comic picture of the conscientious democrat holding back an ocean of inexplicable accidents with a broom composed of cabinet minutes and draft constitutional amendments.

Mr. Taylor sees no accidents in German history. For him it is a chronicle of how fools and knaves consummated disaster, and thereby provided material for his sarcastic pen. He believes—rightly in my view—that the pattern of German history, elaborated by the virtuous Doctor Gooch and his school, is the wrong pattern, and that its acceptance here has had serious consequences for British policy. If there is anyone whom he dislikes more than the Germans, it is their English historians, and his book is a spirited attempt to dispose of their most harmful misconceptions. They saw only the western face of Germany and interpreted German history in western terms. Mr. Taylor is at pains to portray the eastern face as well. He argues that German nationalism and liberalism were bound to develop along un-western lines owing to two exclusively eastern problems: the German minorities in S.E. Europe and the Slav menace. How much should the true German nation-state include? How could German unity be squared with the incompatible claims of Prussia and Vienna? How reconcile the conflict of German and Slav self-determination? A whole series of insoluble dilemmas corroded the inner integrity of German Liberalism and Socialism, and finally subjected them to the hideous Nazi synthesis: national security by world-conquest, national liberation by the surrender of individual liberty.

This is a great and tragic theme, which does indeed provide the pattern within which a real history of Germany can be written. It tends to one conclusion: that any German State, based on the principle of nationality, must be a menace to Europe and to the world. The German Liberals in 1848 and the Socialists in 1918 failed, not only through their incontestable weaknesses and mistakes, but because they were trying to achieve what was possible elsewhere but impossible for Germans: national unity *and* freedom. Germany, however wise the good Germans prove themselves, will be a menace to her neighbours until we develop a European system which transcends the nation-state.

Mr. Taylor never quite carries his argument to this point. Though he states that our task is to make ourselves secure, not Germany good, he feels the need of deriding and blaming the Germans for not finding a solution. But what should their solution have been? Mr. Taylor is not very clear, but at one point he suggests that they should have taken Switzerland and Luxemburg as their models. At another, he selects, of all men, Kurt Eisler, leader of the first Munich rising in 1918, for a rare word of praise as noblest of German Liberals. One Switzerland has barely survived. Surely a collection of Switzerlands in the centre of Europe, devoid of natural frontiers, threatened from the East and West, is a proposal as absurd as any put forward by those German Liberals whom Mr. Taylor derides for their failure to understand the realities of power politics?

If Mr. Taylor had kept to the pattern he lays down in his preface, his story would have gained in dignity and strength. But he has a pugnacious temperament, likes taking sides, and cannot resist the temptation to bring every personality before his judgment throne. Moreover, in his eagerness to finish off Dr. Gooch, he flies to the opposite extreme, substituting one half-truth for another. Here is a chance collection of *obiter dicta*:—

(Of Bismarck's Germany):

"The legislative system of Bismarck's Germany was outwardly democratic; the government of Germany was as autocratic as the government of Tsarist Russia. . . ."

(Of Bethmann Hollweg):

"It was useless, one might say dishonest, for him to have a high character: his sin was to belong to a class which had failed in its historic task and had become the blind instrument of Power which it could not itself master."

"Thus the Spartacists objected to the programme of Pan-Germanism only that it was being achieved by counts and generals and the Hohenzollern Emperor instead of by Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht."

"The 'crisis' of March 1930 was provoked by the Reichswehr, and Brüning chosen as Chancellor, for the sole purpose of speeding up German rearmament. The economic crisis was an afterthought, an accident, which took the Reichswehr by surprise."

There is an element of truth in all these wisecracks, except that on Bethmann, which is meaningless. But they have no place in a book which, in Mr. Taylor's words, is "meant to be history." When he keeps to his central theme and controls his temper, he is not only a brilliant but a profound historian.

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DENT

THE BOOKSIE BOYS

Bookman's Holiday. Edited by HOLBROOK JACKSON. *Faber.* 10s. 6d.

The best anthologies are those with a purpose. This one is composed of small prose extracts and shows writers writing about themselves, their predecessors and contemporaries, and from it one should gather what English writers, and some Americans of the New England school, have been like; how they have lived, worked, loved, dined, quarrelled and died; what they have earned, what their curtains were like—Charlotte Brontë's were crimson—from Sir Walter Ralegh's time when he looked out of his turret on to the Thames, to the day before yesterday, when D. H. Lawrence stood at his door in Italy looking like a genius. The aim is to amuse—it could easily have been to appal—and the volume might serve as a check to that diverting but distressing bedside book of the elder Disraeli's: *The Calamities of Authors*, which gives the black side of the picture. Money is tucked away at the end by Mr. Holbrook Jackson and, except for Scott's disaster, and a glance at Gissing's struggles, is revealed in its neutral, not to say its affluent, light, with Byron saying he does not want a penny and Arnold Bennett noting down his £15,000 a year. The other tragedies that are missing are the consuming jealousies, the total failures of authors, the breakdowns of the intellect, the love tragedies and the madness. Disraeli can provide all that.

First of all Mr. Jackson establishes his subject with full-length portraits, self-portraits—see the minute Samuel Richardson—miniatures and caricatures. The last two groups will be the least familiar:

> Francis Bacon. He had a delicate, lively, hazel eye . . . like the eye of a viper. (John Aubrey.)
>
> Edward Gibbon. An ugly, affected, disgusting fellow, and poisons our literary Club to me. (James Boswell to Rev. W. J. Temple.)
>
> Matthew Arnold. A Detroit newspaper compared me, as I stooped now and then to look at my manuscript on a music stool, to "an elderly bird pecking at grapes on a trellis." (Matthew Arnold to his young daughter.)

Sydney Smith's Macaulay is there "with his occasional flashes of silence," Harriet Martineau's Edward Bulwer Lytton: "A woman of genius enclosed . . . in a man's form." These caricatures amount to literary criticism. Samuel Butler said the last word on Carlyle when he wrote to Miss Savage:

> It was very good of God to let Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle marry one another and so make only two people miserable instead of four, besides being very amusing.

And one might begin an essay on Meredith with this extract from Wilfrid Scawen Blunt's Diaries:

> A queer voluble creature, with a play-acting voice, and his conversation like one dictating to a secretary, a constant search for epigrams.

From caricature we proceed to venom and, although Horace Walpole said that to hear an author talking about his own works or censuring those of others was "a dose of ipecacuanha," to see the same things written is always enjoyable. Shop-writing is better than shop-talk. On the whole too much is expected of the conversation of authors—it was rather hard of De Quincey to mock at Wordsworth for complaining that his breakfast toast was wet—they show up better in print where one can laugh at both sides. "That disgusting *Mill on the Floss*," writes Ruskin. "He was never great," says Bennett of Kipling. "A bit of an ass," says Stephen McKenna of George Russell (AE). "An ass," says Samuel Butler of Richard Jefferies. As talk these remarks are tedious; they are "shop"; written and in malicious juxtaposition, they are delightful. One laughs *at* Ruskin; one laughs, on this occasion, *with* Mr. McKenna.

The touchy reader who uses the Index will be roused by the hard blows dealt against his favourites. I am always irritated by the anti-Fielding movement; and there is almost unbroken evidence of it in this anthology. At Fielding's death Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was generous: "he ought to have been immortal because he enjoyed life so well," which is one of the pleasantest things ever written about the dead: "His happy constitution (even when he had, with great pains, half demolished it) made him forget everything when he was before a venison pasty . . ." Johnson said Fielding was a blockhead. Richardson called him an ostler and said *Tom Jones* was "a dissolute book." Thomas Green said his heroines were "the *furor uterinus*." Only Coleridge stands up for him and says that *Oedipus Tyrannus*, *The Alchemist* and *Tom Jones* are the three most perfect plots ever planned, a dose of false praise that is as good as damnation. The anti-Fielding movement has gone much too far, and I'm sorry to see Mr. Holbrook Jackson joining in the general whispering campaign. Richardson has achieved his revenge on his rival in this book and in his own books, by the endless piddling of his Proustian loquacity. It is pleasant to think how Fielding's stock would rise in England if it turned out that some distinguished Frenchman had read him.

Four sections of this book particularly claim the most thorough reading from writers themselves: those given to money, love, the art of writing and the specimen days of a writer's life. Money I have already mentioned. Love yields a gem from John Gay to Swift, which might be pinned up in every study together with a note I once saw—if he will forgive me for mentioning it—over Sean O'Casey's fireplace in Dublin: "Get On With The Bloody Play." Gay's words are:

> I took your advice; and some time ago took to love and made some advances to the lady you sent me to in Soho, but met no return; so I have given up all thoughts of it, and have now no pursuit or amusement.

From the specimen days there are two companion pin-up pieces: a Tennyson working in the evenings with a pipe and "a pint of port" to put beside one of Arnold Bennett's pictures of his efficiency, or a terrible day of Gissing's:

> Got up with a headache, from 9.30 till 2 wrote—or rather struggled to write—achieving not quite two pages. Suffered anguish worse than any I remember in the effort to compose. Ate nothing at 2, but started and walked to Hampstead and back. Head a little better. Dined at café, extravagantly spending 1s. 9d. At 7 tried to write again, and by 9.30 finished one page.

Self-pity, yes; but isn't that the truth? For guidance in the art of writing one could paper one's walls with good advice, from Dr. Johnson's instruction to tear up the fine passages to James Russell Lowell's terrible truth: "If one wait for the right time to come before writing, the right time never comes." But good advice is always contradictory if you seek enough of it. Shaw can write a play in the train between King's Cross and Hatfield, but Conrad will go mad trying to get three sentences out in eight hours; Lawrence waits till he wants; Trollope says a bit of cobbler's wax on your chair is better than inspiration. "Spend half your days in bed," says Tom Moore. "Rush forward and fear nothing," says Carlyle. Altogether this is a very profitable and cleverly chosen anthology; it reminds one of dozens of good intentions in the way of reading; it is a mine of portraiture, quotations and anecdotes; it attracts the pleasures of gossip and meditation and it never goes on too long.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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AMONG THE KASAKHS

Liberation—Russian Style. By ADA HALPERN. Foreword by Eleanor Rathbone, M.P. *Max Love.* 7s. 6d.

All authentic news of events within the great enclosure of Soviet Asia is of value, and Miss Halpern, though naturally a hostile witness, is also honest. She tells the story of the deportation of herself and her father, mother and sister to Russia from Lvov in 1939. Her father, a bank-manager, was suddenly arrested—whether on any charge is not clear; apparently his fate and whereabouts are still unknown. Miss Halpern, a highly educated and cultured woman, was first employed by the Soviet authorities at the University, and then, with her sister and ailing mother, suddenly deported, without any charge against her, in company with many other Polish citizens to Central Asia. The family was dumped down among the Kasakhs, a primitive people who dwell on the borders of Outer Mongolia.

The Kasakhs have still to be affected by the modernising process that has transformed Tashkent and many other now rapidly developing parts of the Soviet Union. Their economy is largely based on cattle; dried cow-dung serves as fuel and building material. The Kasakhs regarded these sophisticated foreign immigrants with suspicion, but found much cause for merriment in their ineffective efforts to milk cows and manipulate dung. They became more friendly when they discovered that the Poles carried with them miraculous luxuries that they could be induced to part with for a consideration. A kindly Russian guard had warned the Halperns to take with them as many of their goods as they could pack, and they had a supply of fine western materials, dresses and suits. The Kasakhs were endlessly acquisitive, and officials would sell privileges for clothes. And here comes what to me is the most remarkable revelation of the book. During all this period, until the capture of Lvov by the Germans, a constant stream of letters, money and parcels arrived from Poland for the Halperns. Though the Kasakhs and the officials were greedy and bribable, the Soviet transport and communication system to this remote area was both honest and surprisingly efficient. The parcels bringing these priceless goods arrived regularly and intact.

Miss Halpern found one sensitive friend among these people, but though she had plenty of pluck and was ready to do hard and unsuitable physical labour, she had little curiosity about her strange hosts, did not understand their point of view, or achieve any real intimacy with them. The Poles, it is clear, remained aloof. Relations began to improve when the Germans attacked Russia. All the Soviet citizens seem to have been glad to hear that they were no longer on good terms with the Germans. With the Stalin-Sikorski agreement, the Halperns were free to seek work elsewhere in Russia. As a free worker, Miss Halpern had interesting and tough experiences in a Russian mine and discovered Soviet administrators and doctors whose view of Russian bureaucracy was very much that of many temporary civil servants in this country about the British official heirarchy. Eventually she managed to join the Polish army in Russia.

Miss Halpern's book will not change opinion about the Soviet Union. Those who think Russia wicked to have occupied Eastern Poland have worse cases of deportation than this to cite. Those who justify Russia's action will tend also to justify the deportations. Personally, I justify the occupation, but believe that Russia lost a unique opportunity of cultivating Polish friendship when the G.P.U. adopted a policy of wholesale deportation. In any case, it is to be noticed that Miss Halpern's narrative confirms the view that in the Soviet Union there is an Asiatic callousness about human life, but little deliberate cruelty and much personal kindness. At no point does she suggest any deliberate brutality, though the circumstances were in themselves brutal. In so far as there was any motive in Soviet actions towards these exiles other than simply that of Soviet security, it would seem to be a desire that the soft upper-class people who were always hostile to Socialism and to the U.S.S.R. ought to learn how the lower half of the world habitually lives. On occasion the Poles were lectured by Soviet officials on the text that those who would eat must also work and, since they were not used to rough work, they must learn through suffering. You could not expect Miss Halpern readily to take kindly to a lesson which broke up her life and home, bore intolerably on her elderly father and sick mother and forced her to waste her talents in shovelling or manipulating dung. The difference in point of view is inescapable and the conflict occurs in every revolution. Miss Halpern did in fact suffer what the vast majority of mankind has always suffered. She was told that she was not allowed to be ill and kept at work when she was not fit. That has been the usual lot of workers who (except recently in highly civilised and rich countries) have always been expected to cure their rheumatism by carrying on with manual labour until it disappeared or they were crippled by it; who knew that the water would come through the roof unless they learned how to mend it; who would expect to go hungry if the village was short of food. But the business of learning how the other half lives is a tough process for the gently nurtured, and Miss Halpern seems to have stood it well. She has described it with objectivity and without excessive bitterness. If the Soviet authorities had been wise they might have made Miss Halpern a friend instead of an enemy.

TOM PAINE

CURING THE MIND

Psychology in General Practice. Ed. by ALAN MONCRIEFF. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 12s. 6d.

"The place of psychology in the medical curriculum is still so badly defined that the practitioner's knowledge of the subject varies enormously." This is the opening sentence of Dr. Millais Culpin's Introduction to this collection of seventeen essays on various aspects of psycho-pathology, written by eminent specialists for the assistance of their less experienced colleagues in general practice. They cover a wide field: the differential symptoms of the psychoses, the various forms of psychoneurosis, the problem of children, mental defectiveness, and delinquency, are a handful of the topics dealt with.

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Letchworth, Herts.

rather than replace the detailed text-book, and they do not set out to provide a manual of psychological therapeutics; they tell the doctor and the student what to notice and what questions to ask. The value of such advice will be appreciated by anyone who has had any experience of the subject. The case before you never quite fits the text-book description, and when it comes to the elucidation of emotional entanglements, the inexperienced practitioner is often unexpectedly floored, because he doesn't know how to begin. No wonder he is tempted to rely on his physical apparatus; it is so much easier to take a temperature than to ask a patient about his state of mind. There is also another difficulty—time. These cross-questionings, and the manœuvring of the patient into a relationship of confidence, all take time. And if, as is suggested, the psychological factor is becoming more and more prominent, not only because of our increased knowledge but also because of the heightened tempo of modern life, it looks as though we shall have to have even more doctors than we thought. Furthermore, to do the job thoroughly may mean readjustments of domestic relations, interviewing wives and parents and so forth. Here, however, a new profession comes to the rescue—the psychiatric social worker, whose functions are described in one of the essays in this book.

There can be no doubt about the value of such a book to doctors and students of medicine, but it would be a pity if it were confined to the audience for which it is primarily intended. It is not highly technical and it is perfectly intelligible to anyone who has not had a medical training. It would therefore be of the greatest use to any member of the increasingly large army of social workers—probation officers, teachers, personnel managers, youth leaders, etc.—who are constantly being called on to give advice in cases of emotional maladjustment.

W. J. H. SPROTT

VICTORIANA

Four Victorian Ladies of Wiltshire. By EDITH OLIVIER. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Supervising the servants—arranging the flowers—writing letters—reading novels—going to church—visits from relations—collecting knick-knacks—needle-work—dabbling in music and water-colours—good works in the village—private theatricals and garden parties—Victorian ladies made no secret of how they passed their time. Were all these activities natural to them and spontaneous? Miss Olivier, horrified by the modern notion of educating people in the use of leisure, maintains that Victorian ladies were quite uneducated, yet achieved these enviable results by unerring instinct. One might as well say that the shape of the Victorian lady's body was achieved by instinct, as she had a free choice in corsets. Education is not the monopoly of schools. Intellectually, Victorian girls were indeed uneducated, but their whole upbringing from the cradle was a rigid conditioning in ladylike attitudes of mind and body. And the effectiveness of the process is well illustrated in the placid submerging of character in conventionality by four ladies in Wiltshire.

It makes little difference that two were married and two remained single. Marriage meant a change of status and perhaps of income, but not of emotional experience. Passionate love was deprecated and almost exterminated in all ladies, single and married alike. Mrs. Alfred Morrison and Mrs. Percy Wyndham were poor, pretty girls, who married rich men and became famous hostesses. So successfully do they combine with their environment that Miss Olivier is forced to portray them in terms of their children, their friends and relations, and the minor incidents of their quiet lives. Behind the solid façade of decorum it is hard to pick out a flicker of personality. Only once when Mrs. Morrison in old age, with one of her "large gestures," sends half a dozen wine-glasses flying and never breaks the thread of her sentence, while the butler collects the fragments, do we see what has happened to the tom-boy of 19, who jumped the flower-beds before breakfast on her honeymoon. But what became of the girl who was found reading the burial service on the day she married a man twenty-five years older than herself? There were skeletons in the Victorian cupboards, but they generally managed to lose the keys.

Miss Barbara Tounshend lived to the age of 97 and went on with her water-colours to the end. Judging by a photograph of one of her early works she must have had some talent; but she would have been unlikely to meet a word of criticism from her contemporaries had she had none. As an amateur she was encouraged in that complacency which may sort with genius but is damning to the development of talent. In conversation she was regarded as outspoken, since she was adventurous enough to approve of cremation and be violently opposed to submarines.

Miss Annie Moberly, who was appointed first Principal of St. Hugh's College at Oxford because she had taught herself some Hebrew and Greek, is better known to posterity as joint authoress of *An Adventure at Trianon*. The evidence of that psychical experience was accepted more easily by some on the assumption that it was an isolated occurrence in the otherwise humdrum life of two elderly female dons. Miss Olivier is a firm believer in Miss Moberly's gift of second sight; and she now adduces a number of Miss Moberly's previous psychical experiences as corroboration of the Trianon affair. For instance, a week before her father's death Miss Moberly saw a psychical coffin being carried into Salisbury Close by two psychical men; and two hours after his death she saw two great white birds with immense wings fly over Salisbury Cathedral. It is doubtful whether Miss Olivier will gain any new converts by her corroborative evidence: she may even lose some of the old.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

EMPLOYMENT POLICY

There's Work for All. By M. YOUNG AND T. PRAGER. *Nicholson and Watson.* 5*s.*

This book presents an unusually vivid and clear account of unemployment: its causes, its consequences and how it should be prevented. Coloured charts, a great many excellent photographs edited by Paul Rotha, and a wealth of examples from every-day experience should make it particularly attractive to those who are inclined to think of economics as a dry and forbidding subject.

The authors write with zest and vigour. The policy of the White Paper is dismissed as timid and ineffective. To maintain full employment they recommend a redistribution of incomes from the rich to the poor to increase consumption, an enlargement of the volume of public investment, and control of private investment outlay. To be successful this policy would have to be supplemented by a number of further measures: Government controls over the capital market and bank credit, central allocation of certain raw materials, a wage-policy arrived at in full co-operation with the Trade Unions, and some form of price control.

This policy would, no doubt, achieve its objective. But not all these proposals are necessary for full employment; some may be undesirable. In the conditions of the past, it is true, under-consumption caused unemployment; saving represented an obstacle to economic progress; fluctuations in private investment caused booms and slumps. Though all these

PHILOSOPHY

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things were true in the past, however, they do not imply that in order to get rid of unemployment we must expand consumption and public investment at the expense of private investment. The community may prefer this subdivision to any other; but it may not. It is a matter of choice. Rising production of food and clothes and a lot of other things, and leisure, all depend on private investment; whatever the share of our resources we devote to it, fear of unemployment need not keep it small.

Towards the end of the book, however, all this is left far behind. Food and clothing, health and education, houses and leisure, and exports, and the re-equipment of industry, all present their insistent claims. They emphasise that if the pressure for production is great enough, full employment is but a by-product. They emphasise too that within the limits of our total resources, every claim has to be balanced against every other.

Whilst full employment is the central topic the authors also deal with a variety of related problems: control of monopoly, location of industry, foreign trade, and so on. All this, though sketchy, is well done. But the reader who expects to be "properly informed about the choices and possibilities before him" may well complain that the authors do not always make clear which of their proposals are put forward as means to full employment and which as desirable in themselves.

There are a few hints that, whilst most people would welcome the abolition of unemployment, there may be opposition to such a policy. It is a pity that the authors do not say more about this. It is an important point. The fear of unemployment persists in many people's minds not because they think that no one knows how to cure it. They never believed this; they do not think so now. There will be unemployment, they say, because someone, somehow, for some reason stands in the way. Without a clear account of the nature of this opposition, and of other difficulties, the reader may well be carried away by the authors' argument but left wondering why full employment is still a matter of controversy.

A. RADOMYSLER

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NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
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GRAMOPHONE NOTES

HOLST: *The Planets*. B.B.C. Symphony Orch., cond. Adrian Boult (H.M.V. DB6227–8, DBS8994, DB8995–9000).

BEETHOVEN: *Fifth Symphony*. National Symphony Orch., cond. Malcolm Sargent (Decca K1126–9).

FAURE: *Ballade*. Kathleen Long, with National Symphony Orch., cond. Boyd Neel (Decca K1130–1).

LAMBERT: *Horoscope Suite*. Liverpool Philharmonic Orch., cond. Constant Lambert (Col. DX1196–7).

ELGAR: *Chanson du Matin*, and *Chanson de Nuit*. City of Birmingham Orch., cond. George Weldon (Col. DX1198).

HANDEL: "Thy Rebuke hath Broken His Heart" and "He was Cut Off" (*The Messiah*). Webster Booth, with City of Birmingham Orch. (H.M.V. C3430).

DELIUS: *Love's Philosophy*, and

HARTY: *Lane of the Thrushes*. Isobel Baillie, acc. Gerald Moore (Col. DB2178).

SZYMANOWSKI: *Notturno e Tarantella*. Arthur Grumiaux, acc. Gerald Moore (Col. DX1199).

CHOPIN: *Waltz in A Flat* and *Study in E*, op. 10, No. 3. Solomon (H.M.V. C3433).

MENDELSSOHN: *Rondo Capriccioso*. Eileen Joyce (Col. DB2179).

The new issue of *The Planets* is—and I think I may say it without misgiving—the greatest orchestral recording yet made for the disc gramophone. The work itself is as much a virtuoso piece as *Daphnis et Chloé*, in the sense of putting the orchestra through its paces—not only as a unit, but in the very wide use of solo instruments which is a characteristic of Holst's style. The dynamic range demanded is enormous, yet these records manage a far greater volume of sound than hitherto, without any distortion—and that on an instrument which I long ago ceased to regard as a reliable guide in such matters. I could detect no confusion in even the most heavily scored passages; and at the opposite end of the register, the *ppp* is miraculously full and steady. As music, it seems to me that *The Planets* has stood remarkably well the test of twenty-five or so years crowded with musical development and experiment which have made so many works of that date seem feeble and affected now. As a harmonist Holst is always logical and interesting, his scoring is (at any rate here) rich and imaginative, and he had a genuinely poetic vision. Musical high spirits were not his *forte*; most of Jupiter is commonplace and some of it frankly dreadful. But consider that Mars was sketched *before* the last war, and its originality becomes evident; as a pre-vision of mechanised warfare which still retains its power to thrill and frighten, it is very striking. Of the other movements, Venus is wonderfully consoling, Mercury delightfully cheeky, Neptune a world of mysterious sound which has few parallels. But for depth of feeling and sheer musical beauty, I reserve a special affection for Saturn. As a composer Holst, I think, wasted a good deal of time on tasks that might have been left to lesser men; but *The Planets* and *Egdon Heath* possess qualities that should keep them green.

If asked, what single quality would you give as most generally prominent throughout the Fifth Symphony? Surely, *incisiveness*. The bar-line reigns supreme over this tremendous work, and it is the passionate accentuation that grips and holds the mind, from the first bar to the last. A new issue of this symphony needs a special justification, and luckily for this one Dr. Sargent is a pre-eminently incisive conductor. I was relieved to discover that he keeps his italics for the second statement of the first theme (A flat—F). The rest of the performance retains the same level of discretion, and the recording, though not extraordinary, is very competent.

The Fauré *Ballade*, an early work of small dimensions, is one of those pieces of sustained loveliness which haunt the mind for days at a time. "That strain again! it had a dying fall," one murmurs as one gets out of the bath, addresses a letter, or composes oneself for sleep; and each time one discovers—eventually, perhaps, with irritation—that the strain comes from somewhere in the *Ballade*. Yet it is a very quiet piece, shy of outstaying its welcome. The Albert Hall killed it. Like the Night-Blooming Cereus, its beauty is the reward of a brief but ardent attention. Notice how, at the opening, the orchestra rises gradually out of the piano, as the shining body of a swimmer from quietly flowing water. The art which conceals art is supremely displayed in this unassuming little work. We must be grateful to Decca for this set; the orchestral playing is charmingly fluent and Miss Long phrases her exquisite part with much delicacy.

Horoscope is an effective, if somewhat undramatic ballet, and as ballet music I remember thinking Constant Lambert's score very entertaining. He certainly knows all the tricks; but outside the theatre this music is disappointingly thin and reminiscent. Mr. Lambert can do far better than this. It was a pity, too, to have omitted what is perhaps the best movement, the Saraband. The orchestration, which is on the noisy side, does not come off too well in recording.

Elgar's *Chansons* may not be very good music, but they are well composed and tuneful, in an obvious way. The recording seems rather boxy.

Company Meeting

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CARRYING OUT THE ABERCROMBIE PLAN

SOME of the administrative problems that would arise in the carrying out of the Abercrombie plan for the Greater London Region were dealt with by Sir Theodore Chambers, chairman of Welwyn Garden City, Ltd., in his address on Wednesday, July 18th, to the 25th ordinary general meeting of the company. It seems to us inconceivable, said Sir Theodore, that Abercrombie's broad principles should not be adopted. To implement the plan two bodies will be required. One must be representative of all major interests such as the L.C.C., other local and county authorities, along with social, industrial, and labour elements.

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Personal

HOLIDAY Camp for children on woodcraft lines in rural Berks. Aug. 21st to Sept. 11th. Highly recommended. Details from Rev. Basil E. Bennett, O.St.J., F.R.S.A., Leckhampstead, Newbury.

HOLIDAY Music Course, Yorkshire, short of Woodwind Players. Aug. 23-30, fee (inclu.) £3 15s. Sec., Y.R.C.C., 9, Minster Yard, York.

WOULD 6 students/social-service-minded people come to holiday music course, August 23-30, assist washing up, etc. Travelling exes. and pocket money. Box 9632.

DOCTOR, hoping for holiday during September, wishes to contact doctor, man or woman, willing to locum. General Practice, N.W. Essex area. Hospitality offered to family, if required. Box 9934.

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Personal—continued

MOTHER with two children has obtained services of trained Froebel nursery teacher and would be willing share her with another mother in exch. for use of part of house furn./unfurn. willing pay rent. Box P.2103. Samson Clarks, 57/61, Mortimer St., W.1.

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Personal—continued

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Readers' Market

FOR SALE—Complete run Catherine Buck[illegible] "The Song of Wayland"; George [illegible] Maurier's "The Martian," first ed.; Odd Nu[illegible] "Palatine Review," "Coterie," "Art [illegible] Letters," "The Chapbook," with early work [illegible] Huxley, Eliot, etc.; Nos. 3 and 4 of N[illegible] Numbers, early Rupert Brooke, Lascel[illegible] Abercrombie, etc.; Enemy Pamphlets, No. [illegible] by Wyndham Lewis; fine edition of Balzac works, 51 vols., almost new, offers; Natio[illegible] Shakespeare; Encyclopædia Britannica, 14[illegible] ed., red leather binding, good condition, 35 gn[illegible] Gramophone Records large collection co[illegible] plete works, classical, orchestral and chamb[illegible] to be sold separately, fib ed as new; Gilb[illegible] and Sullivan operas, vocal score, bound leath[illegible] twelve operas in seven vols., mostly first edition[illegible] "Tristan and Isolr," John Masefield, 19[illegible] signed presentation limited edition, offer[illegible] Linguaphone, French, £7; Spanish Ling[illegible] phone, £5; H.M.V. a/c Radio, best o[illegible] over £15; Lady's tweed suit and mackinto[illegible] 19 ft. cruiser, sleep two, Kew Bridge; V[illegible] Pocket Kodak; thick Turkish rug, 6 ft. x 4 [illegible] £33; Leica Model II and films, offers.

WANTED, Either Stanislawsky (na[illegible] officer), Dover Wilson's "What Ha[illegible] pens in Hamlet," good terms; Nelson's Fren[illegible] Classics (send list); Everymans Library [illegible] Worlds Classics volumes (send list); Autogra[illegible] letters, preferably before 1875; Spin[illegible] musical-box; doll's pram; modern [illegible] privately owned, good condition, urgen[illegible] Hiker's rucksack; 4-heddle table loom.

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The Handel disc can be confidently recommended, but I do not care for the dulcet Miss Baillie's rendering of *Love's Philosophy*. Delius's songs are not among his best things; in fact, you might, if you did not know, imagine they were by a ballad composer. This particular song can be made tolerable only if it is sung with great impetuosity. Miss Baillie, in eschewing the fine careless rapture, gives us time to see through the self-indulgent harmony and feel the cheapness of the melody. *Lane of the Thrushes* is, by comparison, harmless.

To have introduced Arthur Grumiaux to the gramophone public with a work as dull and esoteric as the *Notturno e Tarantella* of Szymanowski was stupid. That composer wrote some fine music, in an expensive, bejewelled style, but not here. If H.M.V. wanted to put Szymanowski on the map in this way, *La Fontaine d'Aréthuse* would have been a better choice. As it is, I am afraid many listeners may be alienated, both from the composer and the (in every way magnificent) soloist, by this boring, "modernistic" piece.

We end with one fair, and one very bad, record. My admiration for Solomon extends to everything except his Chopin. The artistry of his performance is, up to a point, irreproachable; but, where Chopin is concerned, it is the final, personal touch that counts. The difference between playing Chopin well and playing him supremely matters, somehow, more than with other composers. The miss is as good as the mile.

The miss, in the case of the *Rondo Capriccioso*, is too gross to be mentioned in the same breath with Solomon's. How could Miss Joyce have passed so disastrous an example of her playing? And what were the Gramophone Company dreaming of when they passed a recording so lifeless and so poor in tone?

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 809

Set by William Whitebait

The usual prizes are offered for a poem, of not more than 24 lines, to celebrate the return of street lighting. Entries by August 7th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 806

Set by Tom Paine

James Burnham's famous book, *The Managerial Revolution*, was recently reviewed by one of our contemporaries on the assumption that it was a guide to managerial efficiency which should be useful to the young demobilised soldier returning to an industrial job. The usual prizes are offered for short reviews of not more than 100 words each of famous books by reviewers who similarly show themselves better acquainted with the titles than with the contents of the book reviewed.

Report by Tom Paine

The essentials seemed to me wit and plausibility. For instance, I've met with quite well-paid reviewers who are capable of reviewing *Murder in the Cathedral* among a bundle of detective stories.

But a review of *Hamlet* as a small village, or *Capital* as a guide book to London, or *Pope's Essay on Man* as the work of the supreme Pontiff, or of the *Social Contract* as a book about bridge are not mistakes that the most time-pressed Fleet Street hack would make. *Advice to Mothers*, on the other hand, as a work on entomology was disqualified as a chestnut, and I did not award a prize to a critique of *Mother Love*, by Marie Stopes, because the first sentence contained an oft-repeated jest. I also hardened my heart against William Bliss's *Genesis*, Willy Tadpole's *It's Never Too Late to Mend* and a discussion of Kropotkin's *Mutual Aid* as a study of Lend-Lease.

Mr. Cruso's assumption that Ibsen's *Ghosts* was a nice "creepy-crawley" book for "Auntie Hilda's chicks" was a bright idea. W. Stewart thought *The Warden* a comprehensive treatise on the art of firewatching; John Cannon was more amusing in his review of the *Monstrous Regiment of Women* as another dastardly attack on the A.T.S. Allan Laing began well on the *Importance of Being Earnest*, while A. M. P. treated *A Long Week-End* as a charming book of helpful suggestions for the rationed hostess.

After much ruthless weeding I am left with five entries. The best, beyond doubt, is a perfect Tom Jones by W. H. G. Price, to whom I award two guineas. One guinea each for Little Billee, Lionel Kenner, M. A. Pyke and "Uncle Arfa."

TOM JONES. By Fielding

The average reader has a liking for books about the "men behind the scenes"—the powerful Permanent Officials, the String-Pullers, the Men of Influence, who exercise a covert influence upon the life of our time.

"Tom Jones" is an absorbing biography of one of the mystery men of our age—one-time Welsh apprentice fitter, student, university lecturer, socialist; and later, Secretary to Lloyd George's Cabinet, repository of State secrets, Chairman of the Pilgrim Trust, Companion of Honour, pet intellectual of the Cliveden Set, and, it is whispered, one who has quietly exerted an influence in High Quarters almost equal to that of a Laski.

W. H. G. PRICE.

JERUSALEM. By William Blake

The footsteps of all travelling Englishmen digest themselves, at some time or other, to the Holy City, and for such pilgrims Mr. Blake's volume will be invaluable. Nay more, with Mr. B. as guide we may become familiar with its streets and sacred monuments, even if we shall never have the good fortune to gaze upon them with the bodily eye. The work is illustrated by the author's own drawings, which prove him to be equally skilled with the pencil as with the pen. The illustrations excel in the reproduction of architectural detail, though perhaps a little lacking in imagination.

"LITTLE BILLEE."

"THE WASTE LAND." By T. S. Eliot.

Evidence of the renewed interest in agriculture is a reprint of the celebrated work first published in the Twenties by that great agronomist, T. S. Eliot—"The Waste Land." As the title suggests, the author deplores the neglect into which many farms in England have fallen since the days of Elizabeth, especially in the region of the Isle of Dogs. His theory is that only after a storm is the countryside fully productive. Apart from a certain ambiguity of style, this work is a thoughtful and scholarly attempt at a critical study of farming to-day.

LIONEL KENNER.

ELIZABETH AND ESSEX. By Lytton Strachey.
(Reviewed in the *Chelmsford Literary Digest*).

Owing to her fondness for visiting the ancestral homes of her courtiers, Queen Elizabeth was a well-known figure in many counties but we had not previously realised that she had so intimate a connection with Essex.

Our county is not one of those most celebrated in prose and rhyme so it is all the more gratifying that its charm and beauty were so greatly appreciated by the Virgin Queen. We are all familiar with the many beds in which Queen Elizabeth slept; Essex can certainly claim to have offered this hospitality on more than one occasion.

M. A. PYKE.

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET. By R. Besier.

Chiropody is a branch of medicine that has received scant attention from writers of popular scientific literature. It is with great pleasure, therefore, that I welcome "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," by R. Besier. Written in non-technical language, this book deals historically with the applications to shoe manufacture of results of research into foot structure. Dr. Besier does not omit the romantic side of his story, when dealing with the early struggles of his heroes, the surgeons and technicians, who paid dearly for our foot comfort. I heartily recommend this vital approach to a pedestrian topic.

"UNCLE ARFA."

Accommodation Vacant and Wanted

TO let temporarily, 3 unfurn. rooms as offices, 25s. each weekly, incl. cleaning, lighting, htg. Apply, National News-Letter, 52 Buckingham Palace Rd., S.W.1. SLO 5432.

5/- p.w. bed & breakfast, pte. family. Gas fire. Tel. Hol. 6082 except 2–3.

BLACKHEATH, small furnished flat available. Box 9706.

CHELSEA. Comfortable bed-sitting - room, gas fire, full board & pocket money offered return help kitchen & house. Couple considered. Box 9523.

WIDOW, aged 39, with comfortably furnished house, seeks lady similar age to share. Close to Highams Park Station. Garden and telephone. Write Box 9283.

PAYING Guest received, lady alone or with one child, in quiet country house near Taunton. Write Box 9423.

PROGRESSIVE mother wanted with child or children to share country home in Hertfordshire. Box 9311.

S. COAST. To let, furnished, from Sept., for min. 6 mths., small modern house facing sea, simple furniture, excellent beds, 4 bdrms., 2 recept., cent. htg., garage, 4 *gns.* p.w. Apply Studio Lisa, Welwyn Garden City, W.G. 850.

DESIRE exchange commodious self-contd. upper maisonette, Chelsea (5 rooms, bath, low rent) for smaller accom. of greater character and charm. Box 9400.

MODERN flat, 3 rooms (k. & b.), 45*s.* p.w. 3 mins. from Acton Town Underground; would exchange for smaller similar flat. 'Phone: WO. 2939 after 6 p.m.

WANTED, to exchange for accom. by sea, Cotswold Farm House with electric light, cooking, water heating. Comf. beds for 4 miles Cirencester. For month of August/any period during school holidays. Box 9285.

EXCHANGE charming cottage 35 miles London, 3 acres, pump, Elsan, 'phone: London flat or house. Box 9537.

EXCHANGE modern flat Highgate, 3 rooms, etc., for house flat, minimum 4 rooms, Hampstead or Highgate. Box 9349.

Accommodation—continued

EXCHANGE low rental 17th cent. Surrey cott. 8 rms., main svces., 1 acre and orchard, Waterloo 1 hr.; for lease of house/cott. in or nearer London. Full partics. to Box 9544.

WOMAN writer wants small furn. self-contd. flat or studio pref. W.8 area. Quiet, pleasant surroundings essent. Box 9563.

WANTED to rent. London hse., 3-4 bedrms., studio, gdn. desir. Box 9589.

LADY reqs. 2/3 unfurn. rooms, use kitchen, bath, central London. Box 9280.

PIANIST reqs. unfurn. flat/maisonnette, London, where practising not objected to. 2-4 rms. Mod. rent. Min. 1 yr. Box 9278.

MOTHER, daughter (latter out all day) in urgent need home within easy reach Oxford Circus, require small furn. flat, mod. rent/furn. accom. return daily morning help. Box 9317.

YOUNG Left-wing Dom. Sc. teacher requires small furnished flat, or rooms. Own linen. No attendance. Chelsea or Kensington area. Box 9464.

ROOM or premises suitable for craft studio required. Highgate district. 63 West Hill, Highgate, N.6.

S.O.S. Mews flat (or similar sc. unfurn., accom.) desperately needed now/this year, view long tenancy. Eden Peacock, 104 Merton Hall Rd., S.W.19.

HOMELESS Civil Servant wants unfurnished or furn. cottage or house within daily travelling distance of London. Box 9502.

SHEFFIELD or district. Research scientist, wife, child, desperately need house, part house, or flat. Furn./unfurn. Box 9480.

UNFURNISHED flat/rooms urgently reqd. Couple waiting to marry. Box 9336.

CIVIL Servant, wife, infant, urg. need furn. or unfurn. house, flat, rooms, within 20 miles Mayfair. Own linen. Box 9346.

WANTED, N./C. London, by 2 sisters, sml. unfurn. flat/2/3 rms. Box 9357.

WANTED, unf. studio w. small bath., bed., kit.; or other accom. suit. as res. studio, in nr. London. Box 9282.

Accommodation—continued

HAMPSTEAD Cottage required to buy or rent, no agents. Box 9431.

YOUNG Lady research worker, wants room/flatlet, furn./unfurn. Bloomsbury district/easy reach of King's Cross or Finsbury Park, L.N.E.R. Box 9359.

HOUSE, flat, rooms, buy/rent for mother and child. Wembley Dist. Box 9360.

SOLDIER'S wife (expec. mother) desperately requires unfurnished flat 3/4 rooms. Pref. St. Johns Wood/Hampstead. Write Box 9282.

NAVAL Officer and wife urgently require rent 9-12 months, furnished flat, cottage or small house in or fairly near London. Box 9386.

CAN anyone rent British Officer's wife modern house nr. London? Two young children. Purchase considered. Box 9417.

WANTED, rent or purchase, cottage or small house in Maldon-Witham Essex area. Box 9279.

DIVAN-study (amenities) required in pleasant household. Box 9439.

AMERICAN Organisation desires fairly large house to rent for use as Hostel for War Children. Home Counties area pref. within 20 miles London. Write H.Q., of Foster Parents' Plan for War Children Inc., 95, Wool Exchange, Coleman St., London, E.C.2. Phone, Mon. 1352.

Where to Stay

SUNSHINE holidays. Mod. Sunbathers enjoy perfect sunbathing hols. in comfort at Britain's luxury sun club. Fullest facils. for complete sun and air bathing. Write (encl. 1*s.*) for club brochure. Sec. (C.), N. Devon Club, Beaworthy, Devon.

QUEEN'S Court Hotel, Shanklin, I.W., situated best part Shanklin. Bedrooms fitted H. & C. water. Ballroom, tennis court, sun roof, lawns, etc. Double rooms, 7 *gns.*; single, 7½*gns.* incl. 'Phone, Shanklin 2425.

BED, Breakfast, Bath, double rooms, 21*s.* nightly, incl service; also weekly terms. Appetising, substantial meals; quiet. Lunch, 2*s.* 6*d.*; dinner, 3*s.* 6*d.*; supper, 3*s.* Park House Hotel, 8, Clanricade Gdns., Bayswater.

Where to Stay—continued

NORTH Wales. Those in need of rest will find every comfort at Mrs. Roberts, Plasnewydd Pte. Hotel, Llanbedr, Merioneth. Sea and country air. Terms, 13*s.* 6*d.*, day full board. Separate tables.

FARM Holidays and camping. Bathing. Finch, Hulbridge-on-Crouch, Essex.

ISLE of Wight. Tents to let on farm one mile from sea (3 directions), several camp beds, other equipment available. Box 9404.

HEREFORD-Welsh border. County Guest House. Vacs. now, terms mod. Box 9506.

BRIGHTON. Just open. The White House, 18, Marine Square. Sea front. Farm produce. Few vacancies, Sept./Oct. 9 *gns.* double. Phone: B'ton. 5271.

GROUP of artists offer art students holiday in 18th cent. hse. Gd. painting centre., swimming, boating, etc. Full board, 5 *gns.* p.w., inc. tuition. Partics., S.M., 33, West St., Marlow-on-Thames.

TREBLE House, Blewbury, Berks. Small Country Hotel on Berkshire Downs. Some rooms still available.

LAKES. Charming, magnificent view. Modern conveniences. Croft Hotel, Clappersgate. Tel., Ambleside 334.

Schools and Educational

BUNCE Court School, Trench Hall, Wem, Salop. Co-educ., mod. principles, prep. for Schl. Cert. Recog. B. of E. Practic. artist. activs., crafts, drawing, music, sports. Healthy food, own gdn. Anna Essinger, M.A., Principal.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys and girls, 9–18. After S.C. pupils can be prepared for Univ. School farm. E.T. ccws. Principal: Eleanor Urban, M.A. (Oxon.).

TYNTESFIELD School, Rugby. New premises opening Sept. Vacancies for boys and girls as boarders. Details and booklet, "Willingly To School," from Headmaster.

PUBLIC and Preparatory Schools Year Book (Boys). Owing restriction paper, stock above official book exhausted. New Edition in prep., publication date announced shortly. Deane, 31, Museum St., W.C.1.